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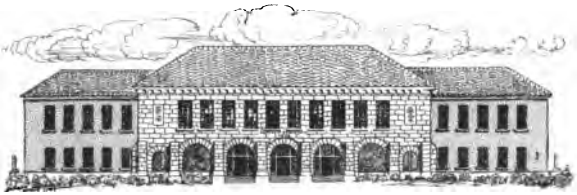

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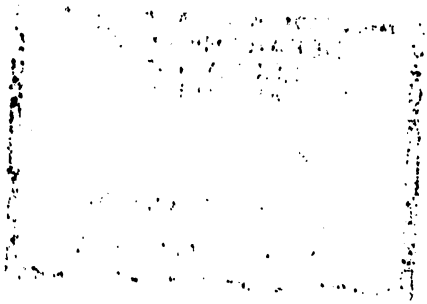

THE KENDALL SERIES OF READERS

THIRD READER

BY

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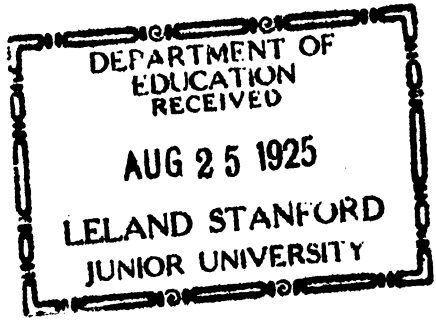

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TO THE TEACHER

The first three books of the Kendall series are continuous stories about children. The Primer and First Reader describe the experiences of single families, while the Second Reader makes a broader appeal by depicting the activities of a larger group, "The Good Times Club."

In the Third Reader, as in all the later books of the series, the continuity which the authors believe to be necessary in a good modern reader is obtained by the grouping of material. Things that belong together have been put together, instead of being separated for the sake of variety.

A glance at the Table of Contents, with its twenty-four headings, will show the general scope of the book.

There are first the "Fables from Æsop," a group of short, easy selections for use after the long vacation. These are followed by a slightly more difficult group, "Stories about Children."

Next come twelve poems from the "Sing-Song Verses" of Christina Rossetti, who has been chosen as best adapted to be "the poet of the year." In the Teacher's Manual may be found the account of her experience as a teacher of children, many details of her life, and helps in the intensive study of these little poetic masterpieces.

Other sections contain suitable reading matter for important holidays — Thanksgiving, Christmas, Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays, Memorial and Flag Days. This does not mean that the book provides plays or other material for public entertainments: it aims rather to prepare for the holidays by giving stories, poems, and anecdotes that will lead pupils into the right spirit for their observance.

The element of humor is recognized in the Nonsense Rhymes.

Fairy stories are given abundant place. But since children of Third Reader age live in the borderland between fancy and fact, the latter part of the book has representative selections from biography and history. "Joseph and his Brothers" is a biography peculiarly suited to the grade, and "True Stories of the Past" gives glimpses of history and of heroism.

The concluding section, "Poems to Read and Learn by Heart," contains a number of the choicest poems for reading and committing to memory during the year.

Nothing has been included without a purpose. The book is well balanced and many-sided. The authors feel confident that it is suited to all types of school: so that pupils who have but one reading book during the year are supplied with a wide variety of material; while pupils who have many books will find here just what they need for either basal or supplementary use.

Detailed helps in the presentation of the book, suggestive outlines and lesson plans, supplementary seatwork, and much other teaching material may be found in the Manual, "Teaching What to Read and How to Read It," which accompanies all the later books of the Kendall Series, beginning with the Third Reader.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
FABLES FROM ÆSOP		
The Thoughtless Mouse		1
The Four Brother Oxen		2
The Ant and the Cricket		5
The Lazy Ass		7
The Boy Who Cried Wolf		9
The Fox and the Crow	*Jane Taylor*	12
The Boy and the River		14
The Two Jackdaws Who Pretended		16
STORIES ABOUT CHILDREN		
The Cap that Mother Made	*Zachris Topelius*	19
Fanny's Menagerie	*Lydia Maria Child*	28
The False Knight	*Eva March Tappan*	36
SING-SONG VERSES FROM CHRISTINA ROSSETTI		
Violets		42
May		43
Daisies		43
There's Nothing like the Rose		43
The City Mouse and the Garden Mouse		44
Which Linnet?		44
The Rainbow		45
Summer Days		45
Coral from the Sea		45
A Diamond or a Coal		46
An Emerald is as Green as Grass		46
A Flint		46
WINDS, BIRDS, AND TELEGRAPH WIRES	*J. T. Stocking*	47
HOW HIAWATHA BROUGHT CORN TO HIS PEOPLE	*Indian Legend*	60
THANKSGIVING	*Amelia Barr*	66
FAIRY STORIES		
The Princess Whom Nobody could Silence	*P. C. Asbjörnsen*	68
The Ram and the Pig Who Went into the Woods to Live by Themselves	*P. C. Asbjörnsen*	76

NONSENSE RHYMES

When Good King Arthur Rule 85
Three Children Sliding 86
A Tragic Story . . . . . *William Makepeace Thackeray* 87
The Greedy Pincushion . . . . . *Abbie Farwell Brown* 88
What Became of Them? 91
Topsy-turvy World 92

UNCLE JOE'S STORY OF CHRISTMAS AMONG THE ESKIMOS *A. M. Diaz* 93

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS . . . . . *Clement C. Moore* 106

MORE FAIRY STORIES

Puss-in-Boots . . . . . *Charles Perrault* 109
The Ogre that Played Jackstraws . . . . . *David Starr Jordan* 119

WHAT THE WOOD FIRE SAID TO THE LITTLE BOY *Frank L. Stanton* 126

BRIAR ROSE . . . . . *Mabel R. Goodlander* 129

ANECDOTES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN 140

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY . . . . . *Margaret E. Sangster* 149

MORE FAIRY STORIES

The Stone-breaker and his Six Wishes . . . *From the Japanese* 151
The Tinder-box . . . . . *Hans Andersen* 157

A NONSENSE ALPHABET . . . . . *Edward Lear* 171

THREE BEE STORIES

Bees 181
The Bees and the Drones — *A Fable* . . . . . *Aesop* 190
Rollo's Honey-pot . . . . . *Jacob Abbott* 191

THE TREASURE IN THE ORCHARD . . . *Charles Reade (Adapted)* 204

APPLESEED JOHN . . . . . *Lydia Maria Child* 211

JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS . . . . . *Old Testament Story* 216

FOR MEMORIAL AND FLAG DAYS

The First American Flag 235
The Story of the Star-spangled Banner 238
The Star-spangled Banner . . . . . *Francis Scott Key* 240

TRUE STORIES OF THE PAST

Joan of Arc 242
The Little Hero of Haarlem 249

James Watt and the Teakettle 255
William Tell . . . . . *H. Marshall* 260
Priscilla of Plymouth 268

POEMS TO READ AND LEARN BY HEART

Goldenrod . . . . . *Frank Dempster Sherman* 274
Hail to the Harvest . . . . . *Charles Dickens* 275
The First Snowfall . . . . . *James Russell Lowell* 275
Snowflakes . . . . . *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* 276
The Bluebird . . . . . *Emily Huntington Miller* 276
Wild Geese . . . . . *Celia Thaxter* 277
March . . . . . *William Wordsworth* 278
Pippa's Song . . . . . *Robert Browning* 279
A Boy's Song . . . . . *James Hogg* 279
Summer Sun . . . . . *Robert Louis Stevenson* 280
Under the Greenwood Tree . . . . . *William Shakespeare* 281
Ariel's Song . . . . . *William Shakespeare* 282
Only One . . . . . *George Cooper* 282
To-day . . . . . *Thomas Carlyle* 283
A Child's Thought of God . . . . *Elizabeth Barrett Browning* 284
God Bless our Native Land 285

WORD LIST 286

THIRD READER

THE THOUGHTLESS MOUSE

SOME mice once lived in a large country house. They had plenty to eat, and would have been very happy if it had not been for a cat who was always trying to catch them.

At last the mice held a meeting to decide what should be done. A number of plans were made, but none seemed to be of any use. Finally a very young mouse said:

"I have a plan which will be sure to please you all. If the cat wore a little bell around her neck, it would tinkle when she walked, and we could always tell when she was coming. Then we could run to our holes. Is not this a good idea?"

"Yes! Yes!" said some of the other mice.

"A very good idea," said a wise old grandfather mouse. "But you forgot one thing. Who will put the bell on the cat's neck?"

"Oh, I had not thought of that," replied the very young mouse. "Of course nobody could do that."

"Of course not, indeed!" said the grandfather mouse. "You see anybody could think of your plan, but no one could carry it out."

THE FOUR BROTHER OXEN

FOUR brother oxen once lived together in a friendly way, going from one field to another to look for food. They were not afraid of danger, for no animal would dare attack four strong oxen at once.

Now the lion had watched them for a long time and wished very much to eat them. So he called upon the cunning fox.

"Friend Fox," he said, "those oxen look fat and tender. But I cannot get them because they are always together. Can you not set them to quarreling?"

"That will be easy enough," replied the fox. "I will see about it at once."

Soon afterward he went slyly up to one of the oxen and said to him in a low voice:

"See your brothers yonder! I was passing near them a moment ago, and they were telling each other that you are not brave enough to stay alone, but have to keep near them for safety."

"We shall see about that," replied the ox, angrily. "I will go away by myself and show them how brave I am."

So he walked away to a distant field and began feeding there. No sooner had he bent his head to the ground, than the lion, who had been following him stealthily, jumped upon him and killed him.

While the lion was eating the ox, the fox returned to the three brothers.

"Good morning to you, friends," he said. "I understand your brother has found a new feeding ground. I met him going along by himself on the way there. He told me he meant to eat all the best grass before you could find him."

"Did he indeed? And where is this new pasture?" asked one ox.

"I am sure I cannot tell you," the Fox replied. "All I know is that your brother was in a hurry to get there first. But it was not so very long ago that I met him. If you lose no time, you may be able to catch up with him."

And the fox went away laughing to himself.

The oxen began to quarrel about which way their brother had gone. They grew very angry, and at last each went in a different direction to find him. Then the lion (who was not far away, you may be sure) was able to pounce upon them one by one and make a meal of them.

So the four oxen, who had always been safe when together, lost their lives as soon as they quarreled and separated.

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET

A SILLY young cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm sunny months of gay summer
and spring,
Began to complain, when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty and winter was come.
Not a crumb to be found
On the snow-covered ground;
Not a flower could he see,
Not a leaf on a tree.
"Oh, what will become," said the cricket, "of me?"

At last by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet and all trembling with
cold,
Away he sets off to a miserly ant,
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant
Him shelter from rain.

A mouthful of grain
He wished only to borrow,
He'd repay it to-morrow;
If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Said the ant to the cricket, "I'm your servant and friend,
But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend;
But tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?" Said the cricket, "Not I.
My heart was so light
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay."
"You sang, sir, you say?
Go then," said the ant, "and dance winter away."

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket
And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.

Though this is a fable, the moral is good:
If you live without work, you must live without food.

THE LAZY ASS

THERE was once a man who had an ass to carry loads about the country for him. One day he went to the seaside and bought two bags of salt. He put these upon his ass's back and started homeward.

On the way they had to cross a little stream. The ass stumbled against a large stone and fell into the water. It was so long before he got on his feet again that the salt had all melted away, and the ass was able to walk home without any load.

Soon after, the same man was again leading the ass home from the seaside, this time with a load of sponges on his back. They had to cross the same little stream. The ass remembered his good fortune with the salt, and stumbled and fell on purpose.

But the sponges, instead of melting away, became full of water and were much heavier than before, so that the poor ass could hardly get home at all.

This bad fortune was a lesson to the ass, and after that he was always willing to do a good day's work for his master.

THE BOY WHO CRIED WOLF

Place: A pasture on a hillside.

Time: A summer day.

Characters

FATHER	FLOCK OF SHEEP
SHEPHERD BOY	A WOLF
THREE MEN	

FATHER: Now, my son, you must stay here and watch my sheep. Take good care of them. Nothing must happen to a single one. If a wolf comes, call as loud as you can, and the men working yonder will come to help you.

BOY: Yes, Father, I will take care of them all.

(*Father goes away. Boy walks about among the sheep; then goes to a grassy place and sits down.*)

BOY: This is very stupid. What shall I do all day? Oh, I have a good idea. I will play a joke on the men and make them think a wolf is here. (*Calls loudly.*) Wolf! Wolf! Help! A wolf!

(*Men rush up.*)

FIRST MAN: Where is the wolf? Where is the wolf?

SECOND MAN: There is no wolf here. Why did you call us up the hill?

BOY (*laughing*): I was only having some fun.

THIRD MAN: It is no fun for us. Come, men! We must go back to work.

(*Men go away. Boy is left alone. He walks around among the sheep, then sits down again.*)

BOY: Dear me! What shall I do now? I believe I will see if I can make those lazy men come up the hill again. (*Calls out.*) Help! Help! Here comes a wolf!

(*Men come up again, but more slowly than before.*)

FIRST MAN: Yes, I thought so. There is no wolf!

SECOND MAN: See, he is laughing again! What do you mean, boy, by shouting for help when no wolf is here?

BOY: I wanted to see you run up the hill again.

THIRD MAN: A fine joke, I must say.

(*Men go away, more angry than before.*)

Boy: What fun this is! I like to watch the sheep and make the men do just what I say.

(*A wolf comes from the woods.*)

Boy: Oh! Oh! There is a wolf! (*Shouts.*) A wolf is coming! Help! Help! Come quick! Help! A wolf is really here!

(*No men come. The wolf runs among the sheep. He kills several and takes one away with him.*)

Boy: The men will not come. It is because I called them up the hill twice for nothing. Now I have lost some of the sheep. After this I will speak the truth and play no more jokes.

THE FOX AND THE CROW

To a dairy a crow
Having ventured to go,
Some food for her young ones to seek,
Flew up to the trees
With a fine piece of cheese,
Which she joyfully held in her beak.

A fox, who lived by,
To the tree saw her fly,
And to share in the prize made a vow;
For, having just dined,
He for cheese felt inclined,
So he went and sat under the bough.

She was cunning, he knew,
But so was he too,
And with flattery adapted his plan;
For he knew if she'd speak
It must fall from her beak,
So, bowing politely, began:

"'Tis a very fine day—"
(Not a word did she say)
"The wind, I believe, ma'am, is south;
A fine harvest for peas."
He then look'd at the cheese,
But the crow did not open her mouth.

Sly Reynard, not tired,
Her plumage admired:
"How charming! how brilliant its hue!
The voice must be fine,
Of a bird so divine—
Ah, let me just hear it, pray do!

"Believe me, I long
To hear a sweet song."
The silly crow foolishly tries:
She scarce gave one squall
When the cheese she let fall,
And the fox ran away with the prize.

—JANE TAYLOR.

THE BOY AND THE RIVER

THERE was once a little boy who lived near the bank of a rushing river. Not very far away was a market town; and to this town the boy's mother went, two or three times a week, to sell butter and eggs.

One morning she said to her son:

"My boy, you are big enough now to go to town for me. Here in this basket are the butter and eggs. Put the basket on your arm, go up to the town, and sell the butter and eggs in the market place."

The boy took the basket willingly enough and started for the town. Before long he reached the rushing river. It was going by so fast that he thought to himself:

"This river is running so fast that before long all the water will have run by. I will wait here on the bank until it has gone past."

So he sat down to wait, with the basket by his side. Hour after hour he sat waiting. Hour after hour the river ran by, as fast as ever. At

last the sun went down and it began to grow dark. Greatly disappointed, the boy got up and went slowly homeward.

His mother was much surprised to see him coming back with a full basket.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "Were you not able to sell my butter and eggs at the market place?"

"It was this way, mother," answered the boy. "I went as far as the rushing river. It was running by so fast that I thought it would soon be gone. I sat on the bank and waited. But it has been running all day and it is running now. I waited a long time, and then it was too late to go to the town. So I have brought the butter and eggs home to you."

"Foolish boy!" replied the mother. "The river runs on and on forever. It will be rushing like that when you are an old, old man. If you wait to see it run by, you will never sell your butter and eggs."

THE TWO JACKDAWS WHO PRETENDED

Two jackdaws once made up their minds that they were tired of being so plain and black, and would like to make a change. So they went out among the other birds to decide which kind they wanted to be. Soon they saw some peacocks walking in the sun.

"Look there!" said one of the jackdaws, who thought a great deal about his appearance. "No other birds are as handsome as the peacocks. See their big spreading tails! I shall change into a peacock."

He flew down near the peacocks and picked up a number of their cast-off feathers. These he stuck among his own.

"How fine I look, to be sure!" he said to himself, looking back at his new tail. "I must go at once and show myself to my friends."

He went among a flock of jackdaws whom he knew, strutting very proudly and turning his back whenever they came up to speak to him.

But they did not care to watch his fine airs; so he went to the peacocks and tried to pass himself off as one of them. They soon found him out, however, and pulled the feathers from him very roughly.

In fact, while pulling out their own feathers, they pulled out many of his own also; so that when he tried to join his jackdaw friends again they would have nothing to do with him, because he looked so shabby.

The other jackdaw was a greedy fellow and he had made up his mind to become one of the pigeons, because he knew that their master fed

them every day and gave them a dovecot to live in. He therefore whitened his feathers and slipped in among them one evening, just as it was getting dark.

As long as he kept quiet no one noticed him. But in a little while the good supper he was eating and the new white dress he was wearing made him feel so merry that he broke into a hearty laugh. The pigeons knew now that he was only a jackdaw, and they pushed him from the dovecot without delay.

Then he, too, tried to join his old friends again. But when they saw his coat (now no longer white, but a dirty gray), they drove him away and refused to have him among them.

The next day the two friends met again, much wiser than before.

"My friend," said the one who had tried to be a peacock, "I am content now with my plain black coat."

"And I, too," replied the other. "After this I shall never try to be anything but a jackdaw. Only trouble comes from pretending."

THE CAP THAT MOTHER MADE

I

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy, named Anders, who had a new cap. A prettier cap you never have seen, for mother herself had knit it; and nobody could make anything quite so nice as mother could. It was all red except a small part in the middle, which was green, for the red yarn had given out; and the tassel was blue.

His brothers and sisters walked about squinting at him, and their faces grew long with envy. But Anders cared nothing about that. He put his hands in his pockets and went out for a walk, for he wished everybody to see how fine he looked in his new cap.

The first person he met was a farmer walking along by the side of a wagonload of wood. The farmer made a bow so deep that his back came near breaking; and he was astonished, I can tell you, when he saw that it was only Anders.

"Dear me!" said he, "I thought it was the

little count himself!" And then he invited Anders to ride in the wagon.

But when one has a pretty red cap with a blue tassel, one is too handsome to ride in a wagon, and Anders walked proudly by.

At the turn of the road he met the tanner's son, Lars, who was such a big boy that he wore high boots and carried a jackknife. He gazed and gazed at the cap, and could not keep from fingering the blue tassel.

"Let's trade caps," he said. "I will give you my jackknife also."

Now, this knife was a very good one, though half the blade was gone, and the handle was a little cracked. Anders knew, too, that one is almost a man as soon as one has a jackknife. Still, it was not as nice as the new cap which mother had made.

"Oh, no, I'm not so stupid as all that; no, I'm not!"

And then he said good-by to Lars with a nod. But Lars only made faces at him, for he had not been to school much, poor boy; and, besides, he

was very much put out because he could not trade his cap for the pretty one which Anders' mother had made.

II

Soon after this, Anders met a very old, old woman who curtsied till her skirts looked like a balloon. She called him a little gentleman, and said that he was fine enough to go to the royal court ball.

"Yes, why not?" thought Anders. "Seeing that I am so fine, I may as well go and visit the king."

And so he did. In the palace yard stood two soldiers with shining helmets, and with muskets over their shoulders. When Anders came to the gate, they leveled their muskets at him.

"Where are you going?" asked one of the soldiers.

"I am going to the court ball," answered Anders.

"No, you are not," said the other soldier, stepping forward. "Nobody is allowed there without a uniform."

But just at this instant the princess came tripping across the yard. She was dressed in white silk with bows of gold ribbon. When she saw Anders and the soldiers, she walked over to them.

"Oh!" she said, "he has such a very fine cap on his head, that it will do just as well as a uniform!"

She took Anders' hand and walked with him up the broad marble stairs, where soldiers were posted at every third step, and through the beautiful halls, in which courtiers in silk and

velvet stood bowing wherever he went. For no doubt they thought Anders a prince when they saw his fine cap.

At the farther end of the largest hall a table was set with golden cups and golden plates in long rows. On huge silver dishes were piles of tarts and cakes, and red wine sparkled in shining glasses.

The princess sat down at the head of this long table; and she let Anders sit in a golden chair by her side.

"But you must not eat with your cap on your head," she said, putting out her hand to take it off.

"Oh, yes, I can eat just as well," said Anders, holding on to his cap. For he thought that if they took the cap away from him, nobody would any longer believe that he was a prince; and, besides, he did not feel sure that he would get it back again.

"Well, well, give it to me," said the princess, "and I will give you a kiss."

The princess was certainly beautiful, and he

would have dearly liked to be kissed by her, but he would not give up on any condition the cap which mother had made. He only shook his head.

"Well, but now?" said the princess; and she filled his pockets with cakes, and put her own heavy gold chain around his neck, and bent down and kissed him.

But he only moved farther back in his chair, and did not take his hands away from his head.

III

Then the doors were thrown open, and the king entered with a great many gentlemen in glittering uniforms and plumed hats. The king himself wore a purple mantle which trailed behind him, and he had a large gold crown on his white, curly hair.

He smiled when he saw Anders in the gilt chair. "That is a fine cap you have," he said.

"So it is," replied Anders. "Mother knit it of her very best yarn, and everybody wishes to get it away from me."

WHEN ANDERS LEFT THE PALACE

"But surely you would like to change caps with me," said the king, raising his large, heavy gold crown from his head.

Anders did not answer. He still sat in the golden chair, and held on to his red cap which everybody was so eager to get.

But when the king came nearer to him, with his gold crown between his hands, Anders grew frightened as never before. If he did not take good care, the king might cheat him out of his cap; for a king can do whatever he likes.

With one jump Anders was out of the chair. He darted like an arrow through all the beautiful halls, down all the marble stairs, and across the yard. He twisted himself like an eel between the outstretched arms of the courtiers, and over the soldiers' muskets he jumped like a little rabbit.

He ran so fast that the Princess's necklace fell off his neck, and all the cakes jumped out of his pockets. But he still had his cap. He was holding on to it with both hands as he rushed into his mother's cottage.

His mother took him up in her lap, and he told her all his adventures, and how everybody wanted his cap. And all his brothers and sisters stood around and listened with their mouths open.

But when his big brother heard that Anders had refused to exchange his cap for the king's golden crown, he said that Anders was stupid. Just think how much money one might get for the king's crown! And Anders could have had a still finer cap!

Anders had not thought of that, and his face grew red. He put his arms around his mother's neck and asked, "Mother, was I stupid?"

His mother hugged him close and kissed him.

"No, my little son," said she. "If you were dressed in silver and gold from top to toe, you could not look any nicer than you do in your little red cap."

Then Anders felt brave again. He knew well enough that mother's cap was the best cap in all the world.

—Zachris Topelius.

FANNY'S MENAGERIE

"OH, dear me, what a long day!" exclaimed Fanny. "Rain, rain, rain, all the time, and nothing pleasant to do!

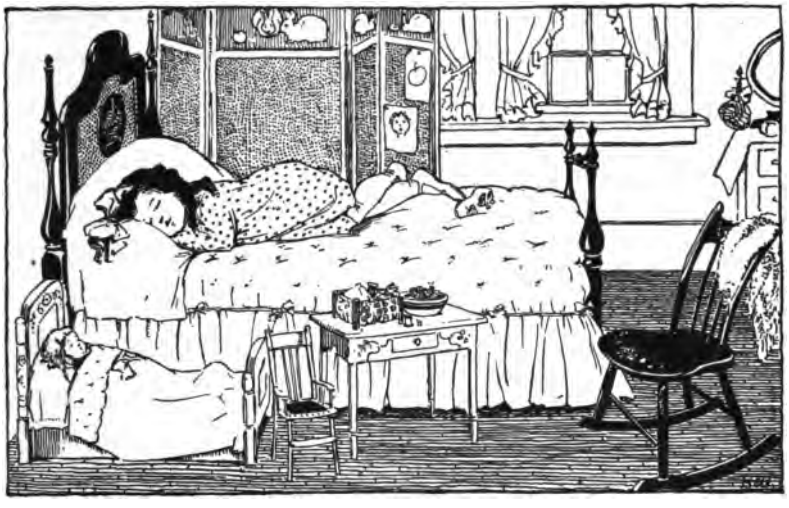
"My doll is in bed, ill with the scarlet fever. It will not do to let her get up, for she would certainly take cold this damp day.

"I have read through all my storybooks. They all tell about good little girls who hemmed handkerchiefs, and did everything they were told to do.

"There goes Charlie Green, driving home the cows. I wish I were poor, too; then I could run about barefooted. Mother wouldn't always be saying, 'You mustn't go out, Fanny, you will wet your feet.'

"What a fine time the ducks are having on the pond! If I only had a coat of feathers, I shouldn't mind a little wetting. I could duck and dive, and splatter about all day long.

"But now I suppose I must go to sleep; for



there doesn't seem to be anything else in the world for me to do."

Fanny threw herself on the bed and lay with her eyes half open, watching the raindrops as they trickled down the windowpanes.

Flap, flap, flap! What was that at the window? Flap, flap, flap! In flew a dozen geese, screaming:

"Quack, quack, quack! Who carried off our feathers?"

They flew around the room like wild creatures, beating their wings against the walls and ceiling.

Flap, flap, flap! went all the geese, directly over Fanny's head, and then down they pounced upon the pillow. In a few minutes it was ripped to pieces, and the feathers were scattered all over the floor.

"Quack, quack, quack! Here are our feathers!" cried all the geese; and each one seized a bunch of feathers in its bill.

"What a pity you haven't aprons to carry them in!" said Fanny. "Wait a minute, old white goose, and I will lend you one of my doll's aprons. You would look like a perfect beauty with it tied around your neck."

The geese paid no attention to her jokes, but flew off with all the feathers they could carry, leaving the air so full of down that it seemed like a snowstorm.

Patter, patter, patter! Could that be Carlo in the entry? It sounded as if there were a dozen dogs there. Patter, patter, patter! The door was gently pushed open, and a sheep peeped in.

"Pray, walk in, madam," said Fanny; and in walked a whole flock of sheep.

"Baa, baa, baa! Where is the wool they cut from my back?" said a great black sheep.

"Baa, baa, baa! Who has carried off our wool?" cried all the sheep; and they went sniffing about the room.

"I didn't carry off your wool," said Fanny. "Stop, stop! that's my cloak. You mustn't take that. Why, what are you pulling the carpet to pieces for?"

Without minding a word she said, the sheep tried to put on the cloak. She was rather awkward about it, but the others helped her.

Fanny was so amused that she never thought of taking it away. It made her laugh to see the old black sheep march out with the cloak on her shoulders, followed by the others, each with a piece of carpet on her back.

She thought to herself, "I wish mother could see them walking out of the front door in a procession! I am sure she would think them regular thieves."

Buzz, buzz, buzz! What had come to the window now? In flew a swarm of bees.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz! Where is our wax?" said the queen bee.

"Hum, hum, hum! Who stole our wax?" buzzed all the bees.

"There is no wax here," said Fanny; "but there is plenty of honey in the pantry. Go ask cook for it, and see what she will say to you."

The bees did not answer her, but went thrusting their stings into everything, saying, "Buzz, buzz, buzz! Hum, hum, hum!" They seemed to be very angry about something.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Fanny; "they have all lighted on my doll, and are nibbling away her pretty face. Oh, my beautiful wax doll! Her cheeks were so red that I played she had scarlet fever! And now they have eaten her all up! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Soon the bees flew out of the window, still buzzing and humming.

What was that chirping in the elm tree, as if every leaf had changed into a locust? A gray squirrel peeped in at the window, and six other squirrels peeped over his bushy tail.

"Who stole our nuts?" they asked, as they went frisking over chairs and tables.

"I have found our nuts!" exclaimed the gray squirrel. Then all the squirrels began to squeak, "And *this* is the little girl who stole them!"

"Frank and I expected to have such a good time cracking nuts this evening!" said Fanny. "Pray, don't carry them away."

"Let us pelt the little thief!" said the squirrels; and they all began to throw nuts at her.

"Dear me! it's a perfect hailstorm!" exclaimed Fanny. "But I can play ball as well as you."

She started up and tossed the nuts back again, and away scampered all the squirrels.

Now there was a great prancing and stamping in the hall. Fanny thought a whole circus was there, and wondered what would come next.

In trotted a troop of horses, neighing loudly, "Who stole our flowing manes? Who carried off our long, waving tails?"

"Here they are!" cried a great black horse; and he began pulling the mattress to pieces.

"I shall have nothing but the bare ticking to sleep on," thought Fanny, as they went galloping out of the room, with their mouths full of horsehair. "But what on earth is jumping through the hall now?"

"Fanny! Fanny! Why don't you come down to tea?" shouted Frank, bursting into the room.

"Oh, Frank!" said she, "did you meet the horses cantering down stairs?"

"Horses cantering down stairs! What *are* you talking about, Fanny?" exclaimed her brother.

"Why, a whole troop of horses came into the chamber, and tore the mattress to pieces. A flock of sheep carried off the carpet. A swarm of bees have eaten up my doll's head. The squirrels have taken away our nuts; and everything has been topsy-turvy in the room."

"Here are our nuts, safe and sound," replied Frank. "Your doll is lying on her bed, with cheeks as red as cranberries. The carpet looks as pretty as ever; and the room is all in order. Sister, dear, I think you have been dreaming a great deal of nonsense for one afternoon."

Fanny sat up, rubbed her eyes, and looked around the room in great surprise.

"This is very strange!" said she. "I suppose I must have been asleep and dreamed it all. How Mother will laugh when I tell her about it!"

THE FALSE KNIGHT

"GOODMAN," said the goodwife, "our wee laddie wants to go to the school."

"And what does he want to go to the school for?" asked the goodman. "When I sell a sheep on a market day, can't he count the silver shillings as well as I can?"

"But he wants to go."

"It's only great folks' sons that go to the school," objected the goodman.

"And you'd be as fine a knight as any of them," said his goodwife shrewdly, "if only you had a helmet and a sword and a shield."

Then the goodman had a happy thought, and he said to himself:

"Let them have their way, and I will play a trick, just to prove which of us is right."

But all he said to his wife was:

"Well, goodwife, if our laddie goes to the school, he shall drive a flock of sheep with him; for they'd be as good at learning as he."

"So he shall," thought the goodwife, "and he shall sell one of them by the way and buy him some books; and he shall have just as many as if he were a knight's son."

The goodman went to the stable and dressed himself up like a knight. He took an ox-goad for a lance, and a pig-knife for a sword, and an old cow-skin tied over a tin pan for a shield; and he fastened a brass kettle over his head for a helmet. Then he mounted one of his horses and rode out to meet the wee laddie on the king's highway.

As for the wee laddie, he set out for school with a whip and a flock of sheep. On the way he sold a sheep and bought a great pack of books. These he carried on his back — all but one, and that was wide open in his left hand, while his whip was in his right. As he went along, driving the sheep with his whip, he studied aloud from his book:

"B-a, ba; b-a, ba."

He went down the lane and along the road

through the woods, and at last he was in the king's highway. When he came to the cross-roads, there was a knight on horseback. He had a helmet, and a sword, and a lance, and a shield; and as the wee laddie came up, calling at the top of his voice, "B-a, ba; b-a, ba," the knight held his lance across the road and said:

"Stop, and tell me where you are going."

"I'm going to the school, and I'm studying my lesson. B-a, ba; b-a, ba," said the wee laddie.

"What's that on your back?" asked the knight.

"It's my pack of books," said the wee laddie; and he went on, "B-a, ba; b-e, be."

"And what have you in your left hand?" asked the knight

"It's my book, from which I am studying 'b-a, ba; b-e, be,'" answered the wee laddie.

"Whose sheep are those?" asked the knight.

"Mine and my mother's," said the wee laddie. "B-a, ba; b-e, be; b-i, bi."

"How many of them are mine?" asked the knight.

"Every one that has a blue tail," said the wee laddie. "B-a, ba; b-e, be; b-i, bi; ba, be, bi."

The knight pretended to be angry that so wee

a laddie should get the better of him, and he said "I wish you were up in yonder tree."

"With a good ladder under me," replied the wee laddie, and he called louder than ever:

"B-a, ba; b-e, be;
B-i, bi; and a ba, be, bi;
B-o, bo —"

But the knight broke in upon him, saying:

"Then I wish that the ladder would break."

"And you'd have a fall. B-o, bo, and a ba, be, bi, bo."

"I wish you were in the sea," said the knight.

"With a good, strong boat under me. B-u, bu," called the wee laddie.

"Then I wish that the boat would break in two!" cried the knight.

"And you'd fall into the water. Ba, be, bi, bo, bu," said the wee laddie.

"You're clean daft," said the knight. "Get along to your school, and I'll drive the sheep myself."

So the wee laddie let the stranger knight have the sheep, and he went on happily to school.

When he came home, his mother said, "Now, wee laddie, tell us what you have learned at the school."

Then the wee laddie stood up before the fireplace and, putting his hands behind his back, repeated:

"B-a, ba; b-e, be;
B-i, bi; and a ba, be, bi;
B-o, bo; and a ba, be, bi, bo;
B-u, bu; and a ba, be, bi, bo, bu."

"There's many a fine gentleman's son that couldn't do that," said the goodwife proudly.

But the goodman asked:

"Laddie, where are the sheep?"

"A stranger knight came along the way, and I let him have them to drive home," answered the wee laddie.

Then the goodwife threw her apron over her head and sobbed:

"And he's only a stupid for all he's been to school!"

"How did the stranger knight look?" asked the goodman.

"He had an ox-goad for a lance, and a pig-knife for a sword, and an old cow-skin tied over a tin pan for a shield, and he wore a brass kettle on his head."

"And you gave the sheep to a crazy-looking fellow like that!" exclaimed the goodman.

"But I knew he was my own father when I let him have the sheep," said the wee laddie.

The goodwife threw off her apron and, dancing for joy, cried:

"And will you tell me who's the stupid now, goodman?"

—Eva March Tappan.

VIOLETS

Child: O wind, where have you been,
That you blow so sweet?

Wind: Among the violets
Which blossom at your feet.
The honeysuckle waits
For summer and for heat;
But violets in the chilly spring
Make the turf so sweet.

MAY

There is but one May in the year,
And sometimes May is wet and cold;
There is but one May in the year
Before the year grows old.

Yet, though it be the chilliest May,
With least of sun and most of showers,
Its wind and dew, its night and day,
Bring up the flowers.

DAISIES

Where innocent, bright-eyed daisies are
With blades of grass between,
Each daisy stands up like a star
Out of a sky of green.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE ROSE

The lily has an air,
And the snowdrop a grace,
And the sweetpea a way,
And the heartsease a face, —
Yet there's nothing like the rose
When she blows.

THE CITY MOUSE AND THE GARDEN MOUSE

The city mouse lives in a house;—
The garden mouse lives in a bower,
He's friendly with the frogs and toads,
And sees the pretty plants in flower.

The city mouse eats bread and cheese;—
The garden mouse eats what he can;
We will not grudge him seeds and stalks,
Poor little timid, furry man.

WHICH LINNET?

A linnet in a gilded cage,—
A linnet on a bough,—
In frosty winter one might doubt
Which bird is luckier now.

But let the trees burst out in leaf,
And nests be on the bough,
Which linnet is the luckier bird,
Oh, who could doubt it now?

THE RAINBOW

If all were rain and never sun,
No bow could span the hill;
If all were sun and never rain,
There'd be no rainbow still.

SUMMER DAYS

Winter is cold-hearted,
Spring is yea and nay,
Autumn is a weathercock
Blown every way;
Summer days for me
When every leaf is on its tree.

CORAL FROM THE SEA

CHILD: O sailor, come ashore,
What have you brought for me?

SAILOR: Red coral, white coral,
Coral from the sea.
I did not dig it from the ground,
Nor pluck it from a tree;
Feeble insects made it
In the stormy sea.

A DIAMOND OR A COAL

A diamond or a coal?
A diamond, if you please:
Who cares about a clumsy coal
Beneath the summer trees?

A diamond or a coal?
A coal, sir, if you please:
One comes to care about the coal
What time the waters freeze.

AN EMERALD IS AS GREEN AS GRASS

An emerald is as green as grass;
A ruby red as blood;
A sapphire shines as blue as heaven;
A flint lies in the mud.

A diamond is a brilliant stone,
To catch the world's desire;
An opal holds a fiery spark;
But a flint holds fire.

Stroke a flint, and there is nothing to admire;
Strike a flint, and forthwith flash sparks of fire.

WINDS, BIRDS, AND TELEGRAPH WIRES

I

LONG, long ago, the Great Earth King grew very, very busy. There was so much work on hand that he could not do it alone. So he sat himself down and rested his great head upon his hand, and thought, and thought, and thought. At last he seized a great brush, as big as a church steeple, dipped it into the red and golden sunset light, and wrote in big letters high on the sky, so that every one far and near could read:

WANTED! MESSENGERS!
FASTER THAN HORSES,
SWIFTER THAN MEN,
TO CARRY MY MESSAGES,
A MILLION TIMES TEN.

He signed it simply, "The Earth King." Then he went into his rainbow house and laid himself down to sleep on his rainbow bed.

He had scarcely fallen asleep when there came a rustle, rustle, rustle at the rainbow window, and a rattle, rattle, rattle at the rainbow door. He sprang quickly from his great bed.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"We are messengers," was the reply, "come to serve the King."

The King opened the door. There before him stood four of the strangest creatures that he had ever seen. They were so light that they could stand on nothing. They had great wide wings. They wore light garments that floated in the breeze.

"What are your names?" asked the King.

'We are the winds," answered one. "East Wind, West Wind, South Wind, North Wind," pointing to each in turn, himself last. "We have come

'Faster than horses, swifter than men,
To carry your messages, a million times ten.'"

Then the King spoke to them in a deep and solemn tone:

"The task is a great one. The King's business is important. My messengers must be swift and faithful. Are you able?"

The four winds whispered, "Try us and see; try us and see; try us and see."

"Down by the sea," said the King, "there live some fisher folk whom I love. Every day the men of the village go forth in their little boats to fish. Every evening they come home with their catch. But of late dark clouds have hung about them. They have not dared to go fishing lest they should not reach home again. Their families begin to be in want. Go to them to-day. Drive away the fog and clouds, that the people may be happy again. Quick! away!"

Then the four winds lifted their swift, beauti-

ful wings and were gone. Faster and faster they flew. Each tried to out-wing the others, until the race became a fierce and careless game. They whirled the sand, and broke the trees, and tossed the water. Swiftly they tore through the fishing village, hurling its poor houses to the ground.

Not until they were tired did they remember the errand on which the King had sent them. They went back as quickly as they could. The village lay in ruins and the people wept for their loss.

Then the Earth King was very sad and angry.

"False and faithless winds!" he said in an awful voice, "you did not do my errand. You were traitors to your trust. Great shall be your punishment. Nevermore shall you be my messengers; evermore shall you be my slaves. Away from my sight!"

When he had said this, the winds went away moaning among the caves and the rocks by the seaside, and sighing among the lonely pine trees. Even to this day you may hear their moans and sighs.

II

The Earth King was sad, but not discouraged. Again he seized the great paint brush, as big as a church steeple, dipped it into the red and golden sunset light, and wrote in big letters high on the sky, so that every one could read:

WANTED! MESSENGERS!
FASTER THAN HORSES,
SWIFTER THAN MEN,
TO CARRY MY MESSAGES,
A MILLION TIMES TEN.

Then he went into his rainbow house and lay down on his rainbow bed. Soon he heard a rat-tat-tatting on the rainbow window, and a rap-rap-rapping on the rainbow door.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"We are messengers," said a gentle voice, "come to serve the King."

He opened the door. Before him flitted and twittered the most curious little people that he had ever set eyes upon. Each one had a pair of beady eyes, a little pointed nose, a set of scratchy toes, and the softest kind of a coat.

"What are your names?" asked the King.

"We are the birds, and our names are many," they replied. "We saw the sign in the sky and have come

'Faster than horses, swifter than men,
To carry your messages, a million times ten.'"

Then the King said:

"The task is a great one. The King's business is important. My messengers must be swift and faithful, and must keep my secrets. Are you able?"

Each bird laid his little scratchy toes on his little pointed nose and said that he would keep the King's secrets.

"Then," said the King, "get ready. Far to

the north dwell a people whom I love. For many a month they have lived amid ice and snow and bitter frosts. I am planning a surprise for these people. I am going to carry Spring to them. Go; find the warm sunshine and the soft south wind. Bid them come as quickly as they can to the court, that I may take them and the spring days to my people. Then return to me at once, and remember, *do not betray my secret.*"

The bird-messengers flew away as fast as their wings could carry them. They called the warm sunshine and the soft south wind and bade them make haste to the Earth King. Then they turned back.

But before they reached home again, each one of them was seized with a strange, restless feeling right in the middle of his feathers. It must have been the secret trying to get out. One by one, they stole past the King's house in the night and made their way to the north country. And when the morning came, there they were, sitting on the fence posts and in the apple

trees, just bursting with the happy secret of the King.

Then the robin peeped, and the bluebird blew;
The sparrow cheeped, and the swallow, too:
"We know something we won't tell—
Somebody's coming you know well!
This is his name ('twixt you and me),
Spring, Spring, Spring!"

The King knew nothing about all this, and was very happy in thinking of the surprise that he was to give the people. He took the warm sunshine and the soft south wind and made his way to the land of ice and snow. He was surprised to find an old woman sitting in her doorway, knitting.

"Why are you sitting here?" he asked. "Why are you not within, warming your feet by the fire?"

"Why, don't you know?" she said. "Spring is coming!"

"Spring!" he cried. "How do you know?"

"Oh," said she, with a smile, trying not to

look at a robin that turned his back behind the picket fence, "a little bird told me."

The King walked up the street, looking gloomy enough. He soon came to a gardener with his rake, uncovering the crocuses and the daffodils.

"Why do you do this, my good man? Surely your flowers will freeze. You had much better be covering them up."

"Oh, no," he said. "Spring is coming."

"Spring!" said the King; "how do *you* know?"

"Oh," said the gardener, with a grin, as he caught sight of a bluebird peeping around the limb of a tree, "a little bird told me."

Then the story all came out: that

> The robin peeped, and the bluebird blew;
> The sparrow cheeped, and the swallow, too:
> "We know something we won't tell—
> Somebody's coming you know well!
> This is his name ('twixt you and me),
> Spring, Spring, Spring!"

Oh, wasn't the Earth King disgusted! And weren't the birds ashamed to come when he called them! Each laid his little pointed nose

on his little scratchy toes, and said never a word.

"Silly birds!" said the King. "You promised to keep my secrets, and you have broken your word. You obeyed my commands and called the south wind and the sunshine; so I cannot be too harsh with you. But, since you cannot keep my secrets, I cannot keep you as my messengers. I may use you as my servants. Go!"

Then the birds flew away as quietly and quickly as ever they could.

III

By this time the Earth King was nearly discouraged. But once again he took the great brush and wrote the same big words in the sky:

WANTED! MESSENGERS!
FASTER THAN HORSES,
SWIFTER THAN MEN,
TO CARRY MY MESSAGES,
A MILLION TIMES TEN.

Then he lay down on a great bank of clouds and was soon fast asleep. As he slept, the

cloud grew bigger and bigger, and blacker and blacker. The thunder came nearer and nearer until, all at once, *crash! crash!* and the King jumped to his feet.

Around him was a swarm of little red-hot creatures that hissed and buzzed and crackled like fire-crackers on the Fourth of July.

"Who are you?" he asked, "and what do you want?"

"Messengers," they all whispered at once; "and we have come to serve the King."

"What are your names?"

"We are the Lightning Spirits," they answered. "Sometimes men call us electricity, —

'The swiftest creatures that are known to men,
To carry your messages, a million times ten.'"

The King told them that his messengers must be true and faithful and must keep his secrets. But no matter how great or how secret the task, they were eager to serve the King, — only they said he must build roadways for them. They had not wings with which to fly, their feet were not used to the roads of the land, and they might lose their way.

The King called his workmen and ordered them to put up tall poles, and from pole to pole to lay slender roadways of wire. Miles and miles of these roadways his workmen built, over the hills and through the valleys.

When all was ready, he called the spirits to him and whispered to them his secret messages. Quickly they ran over the little roadways, doing the King's errands and keeping the King's secrets. They whispered never so much as a word of them. So the Earth King said that the Lightning Spirits should be his trusted messengers forever.

When the winds heard of this, they were angry. They tried to break the wires and steal

the secrets. But they could not do it. All they could hear was "*m-m-m-m-m*," and the harder they blew, the louder they heard it.

The birds were too gentle to do as the winds did. But they, too, wanted to know what the King's messages were. Day after day they went and sat upon the wires. They listened hard, putting down now the right ear, and now the left. But all they ever heard was "*m-m-m-m-m*."

And if you want to find out whether this story is true, just go to the wires some day when the wind is blowing, and the birds are sitting on them. Put your ear to a telegraph pole and listen,—and all you will hear is "*m-m-m-m-m*."

—J. T. STOCKING.

HOW HIAWATHA BROUGHT CORN TO HIS PEOPLE

WHEN Hiawatha became a young man, he went away from his people into the forest to fast. Every Indian boy does this, so that he may pray to the Great Spirit and receive a vision to guide him through life.

But Hiawatha did not go, as the other young Indian braves did, to pray for himself. He did not intend to ask the Great Spirit for skill in hunting and fishing, or for success in war, but for some way of making the lives of his people easier.

All their food came through hunting and fishing and gathering wild fruits; and in the winter they were often hungry. So he wanted to pray for a vision which should show him a better way to get food for his tribe.

Hiawatha built a little lodge in the forest near Gitche Gumee, the Big-Sea-Water. There he lived alone for seven days and nights, eating nothing.

On the first day of his fasting he walked through the forest, seeing wild deer, rabbits, squirrels, and many sorts of birds. And he prayed to the Great Spirit:

"Master of Life! Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the second day he wandered by the river's brink and through the meadows. Here he saw wild rice, berries, and grapes, all blossoming in the sunshine. And he cried to the Great Spirit:

"Master of Life! Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the third day he sat by the shores of Gitche Gumee and watched the fish swim through the still waters of the lake. And again he cried to the Great Spirit:

"Master of Life! Must our lives depend on these things?"

By the time the fourth day of fasting had come, Hiawatha was too weak to leave the lodge. All day he lay inside on his bed of branches, gazing out upon the beautiful spring landscape and the shining Big-Sea-Water.

As the sun was setting, he saw in a vision a young brave coming down from the sky and approaching the lodge. This stranger was dressed in garments of green and yellow. On his head was a tuft of nodding green plumes; and his hair was soft and golden.

The stranger looked pityingly at Hiawatha because he was so weak and ill. Then he said:

"Rise, Hiawatha! The Great Spirit has heard your prayers. You do not pray for yourself, but for your people. You wish to do them good. So he has sent me to teach you how, by struggle and by labor, you can gain what you have prayed for. I am Mondamin, the friend of man. Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me."

Hiawatha rose from his bed of branches and went forth into the rosy twilight. He wrestled with Mondamin. And as he wrestled, he felt stronger and stronger, and Mondamin could not conquer him. At last darkness came. Then Mondamin smiled and said:

"This is enough for once. To-morrow, when the sun sets, I will come to try you again."

And he vanished as suddenly as he had come, leaving Hiawatha alone.

He returned the next day at sunset, as he had promised. Hiawatha felt weaker than before, but he arose and struggled bravely and Mondamin could not conquer him.

On the sixth day of the fast, Mondamin came for the third time at sunset. Hiawatha strove with all his might and almost overcame him. Then Mondamin spoke once more to Hiawatha.

"To-morrow," he said, "is the last day of your fast. I shall come at sunset, and you will conquer and overcome me. When I am dead, strip off my green and yellow garments and bury me in the ground. Make the earth soft and light above me. And come often to the place where I lie, to clear the weeds and grass from my grave. If you do all this, I shall come to life again."

Having said this, he disappeared. The next evening at sunset he came again. Though Hiawatha had fasted for seven days, he felt new power within him and went forth bravely to wrestle.

He grasped Mondamin with all his strength, and they struggled fiercely. Suddenly Mondamin fell and lay dead on the ground. Hiawatha quickly took off his beautiful garments and buried him in the loose earth, as he had been

commanded. Then he returned to his people, for his seven-day fast was over, and his prayer to the Great Spirit had been answered.

But he did not forget to go often to the forest and clear away the weeds and grass from Mondamin's grave. One day he discovered that a small green shoot had come out of the ground. A few days later he found many more. And before summer had ended, these shoots had grown tall and green, with nodding plumes at the top and ears of golden corn growing below.

"It is Mondamin, the friend of man," Hiawatha said to himself joyfully. "We need no longer depend alone on hunting and fishing and the wild forest fruits for our food. The Great Spirit has heard my prayer!"

Then he stripped off the husks from the corn and made a great feast, which he called the Feast of Mondamin. At this feast he gave the corn to his people, and they all ate thankfully and praised the Great Spirit for his wonderful new gift.

THANKSGIVING

"HAVE you cut the wheat in the blowing fields—
The barley, the oats, and the rye,
The golden corn and the pearly rice?—
For the winter days are nigh."

"We have reaped them all from shore to shore,
And the grain is safe on the threshing floor."

"Have you gathered the berries from the vine,
And the fruit from the orchard trees?
The dew and the scent from the roses and thyme,
In the hive of the honeybees?"

"The peach and the plum and the apple are ours,
And the honeycomb from the scented flowers."

"The wealth of the snowy cotton field
And the gift of the sugar cane,
The savory herb and the nourishing root?—
There has nothing been given in vain."

"We have gathered the harvest from shore to shore
And the measure is full and brimming o'er."

"Then lift up the head with a song!
And lift up the hand with a gift!
To the ancient Giver of all,
The spirit in gratitude lift!
For the joy and the promise of spring,
For the hay and the clover sweet,
The barley, the rye, and the oats,
The rice, and the corn, and the wheat,
The cotton, and sugar, and fruit,
The flowers and the fine honeycomb,
The country so fair and so free,
The blessings and glory of home."

— Amelia E. Barr

THE PRINCESS WHOM NOBODY COULD SILENCE.

THERE was once upon a time a king, and he had a daughter who would always have the last word. No one could silence her. So the king promised that he who could outwit her should have the princess in marriage and half the kingdom besides.

There were plenty of those who wanted to try, I can tell you; for it isn't every day that a princess and half a kingdom are to be had.

The gate to the palace hardly ever stood still. The suitors came in swarms and flocks from east

and west, both riding and walking. But there was no one who could silence the princess.

At last the king announced that those who tried and did not succeed should be branded on both ears with a hot iron; for he would not have all this running about the palace for nothing.

Now there were three brothers who had heard about the princess, and as they were rather badly off at home, they thought they would try their luck and see if one of them could win the princess and half the kingdom. They were good friends, so they agreed to set out together.

When they had gone a little way, Ashiepattle, the youngest, found a dead magpie.

"I have found something! I have found something!" cried he.

"What have you found?" asked the two older brothers.

"I have found a dead magpie," said he.

"Faugh! throw it away; what can you do with that?" said the other two, who always believed they were the wisest.

"Oh, I've nothing else to do. I can easily carry it," said Ashiepattle.

When they had gone on a bit farther, Ashiepattle found an old willow twig, which he picked up.

"I have found something! I have found something!" he cried.

"What have you found now?" asked the brothers.

"I have found a willow twig," said he.

"Pooh! what are you going to do with that? Throw it away," said the two.

"I have nothing else to do. I can easily carry it with me," said Ashiepattle.

When they had gone still farther, he found a broken saucer, which he also picked up.

"Here, lads, I have found something! I have found something!" said he.

"Well, what have you found now?" asked the brothers.

"A broken saucer," said he.

"Pshaw! Is it worth while dragging that along, too? Throw it away!" said the brothers.

"Oh, I've nothing else to do. I can easily carry it with me," said Ashiepattle.

When they had gone a little bit farther he found a crooked goat-horn, and soon after he found the mate to it.

"I have found something! I have found something, lads!" said he.

"What have you found now?" asked the brothers.

"Two goat-horns," answered Ashiepattle.

"Ugh! Throw them away! What are you going to do with them?" said they.

"Oh, I have nothing else to do. I can easily carry them with me," said Ashiepattle.

In a little while he found a wedge.

"I say, lads, I have found something! I have found something!" he cried.

"You are everlastingly finding something! What have you found now?" asked the two older brothers.

"I have found a wedge," he answered.

"Oh, throw it away! What are you going to do with it?" said they.

"Oh, I have nothing else to do. I can easily carry it with me," said Ashiepattle.

As he went across the king's fields, which had been freshly plowed, he stooped down and took up an old boot-sole.

"Hello, lads! I have found something! I have found something!" said he.

"Heaven grant you may find a little sense before you get to the palace!" exclaimed the two brothers. "What is it you have found now?"

"An old boot-sole," said he.

"Is that anything worth picking up? Throw it away! What are you going to do with it?" said the brothers.

"Oh, I have nothing else to do. I can easily carry it with me, and who knows? It may help me to win the princess and half the kingdom," said Ashiepattle.

"Yes, you look a likely one, don't you!" exclaimed the other two, mockingly.

So they went in to the princess; the eldest went first.

"Good day," said he.

"Good day to you!" answered she, with a shrug.

"It's terribly hot here," said he.

"It's hotter in the fire," said the princess.

The branding iron was lying waiting in the fire. When the eldest brother saw this he was struck speechless, and so it was all over with him.

The second brother fared no better.

"Good day!" said he.

"Good day to you!" she said, with a wriggle.

"It's terribly hot here!" said he.

"It's hotter in the fire," said she.

With that he lost both speech and wits, and so the iron had to be brought out.

Then came Ashiepattle's turn.

"Good day!" said he.

"Good day to you!" said she, with a shrug and a wriggle.

"It is very nice and warm here!" said Ashiepattle.

"It's warmer in the fire," she answered. She was in no better humor now that she saw the third suitor.

"Then there's a chance for me to roast my magpie on it," said he, bringing it out.

"I'm afraid it will sputter," said the princess.

"No fear of that! I'll tie this willow twig around it," said the lad.

"You can't tie it tight enough," said she.

"Then I'll drive in a wedge," said the lad, and brought out the wedge.

"The fat will be running off it," said the princess.

"Then I'll hold this under it," said the lad, and showed her the broken saucer.

"You are so crooked in your speech," said the princess.

"No, I am not crooked," answered the lad. "But this is crooked!" and he brought out one of the goat-horns.

"Well, I've never seen the like!" cried the princess.

"Here you see the like," said he, and brought out the other horn.

"It seems you have come here to wear out my soul!" she said.

"No, I have not come here to wear out your soul, for I have one here which is already worn out," answered the lad, and brought out the old boot-sole.

The princess was so dumfounded at this that she was completely silenced.

"Now you are mine!" said Ashiepattle.

And so he got her, and half the kingdom into the bargain.

—P. C. Asbjörnsen.

THE RAM AND THE PIG WHO WENT INTO THE WOODS TO LIVE BY THEMSELVES

I

THERE was once upon a time a ram who was being fattened for killing. He therefore had plenty to eat, and he soon became round and fat with all the good things he got. One day the dairymaid came and gave him some more food.

"You must eat, ram," she said. "You'll not be long here now, for to-morrow we are going to kill you."

"There's an old saying, that no one should sneer at old women's advice," thought the ram to himself, and he went on eating till he was full.

When he was quite satisfied, he ran his horns against the door, burst it open, and set off to the neighboring farm. There he made straight for the pigsty, to look for a pig with whom he had struck up an acquaintance on the common.

Since that time they had always been good friends and got on well together.

"Good day, and thanks for your kindness the last time we met," said the ram to the pig.

"Good day, and thanks to you," said the pig.

"Do you know why they make you so comfortable, and why they feed you and look after you so well?" asked the ram.

"No," said the pig.

"There are many mouths to feed on this farm, as you know," said the ram. "They are going to kill you and eat you."

"Are they?" said the pig. "Well, much good may it do them!"

"If you are of the same mind as I, we will go into the woods and build a house and live by ourselves. There is nothing like having a home of your own, you know," said the ram.

The pig was quite willing. "It's nice to be in fine company," said he, and off they started.

When they had gone a bit on the way, they met a goose.

"Good day, my good people, and thanks for

your kindness the last time we met," said the goose. "Where are you off to?"

"Good day, and thanks to you," said the ram. "We had it altogether too comfortable at our place, so we are off to the woods to live by ourselves. In your own house you are your own master, you know," said he.

"Well, I'm very comfortable where I am," said the goose; "but why shouldn't I join you? Good company makes the day shorter."

"But neither hut nor house can be built by gabbling and quacking," said the pig. "What do you think you can do?"

"Good sense and skill may do as much as a giant's will," said the goose. "I can pluck moss and stuff it into the cracks, so that the house will be warm and comfortable."

Well, she might as well come with them, thought the pig, for he wanted the place to be warm and cozy.

When they had gone a bit farther on the way — the goose was not getting along very fast — they met a hare, who came scampering out of the wood.

"Good day, my good people, and thanks for your kindness the last time we met," said the hare. "How far are you going to-day?"

"Good day, and thanks to you," said the ram. "We had it altogether too comfortable at our place, so we are off to the woods to build a house and live by ourselves. When you have tried both East and West, you'll find that a home of your own is, after all, the best."

"Well, I have, of course, a home in every bush," said the hare; "but I have often said to myself in the winter that if I lived till the summer I would build a house. So now I have a good mind to go with you and build one after all."

"Well, if the worst comes to the worst, we might take you with us to frighten the dogs away," said the pig, "for you couldn't help us to build the house, I should say."

"There is always something for willing hands to do in this world," said the hare. "I have teeth to gnaw pegs with, and I have paws to knock the pegs into the walls, so I'll do very well for a carpenter."

Well, he might come with them and help to build the house. There could be no harm in that.

When they had gone a bit farther on the way, they met a cock.

"Good day, my good people, and thanks for your kindness the last time we met," said the cock. "Where are you all going to-day?"

"Good day, and thanks to you," said the ram. "We had it altogether too comfortable at our place, so we are off to the woods to build a house and live by ourselves."

"Well, I am comfortable enough where I am," said the cock; "but it's better to have your own roost than to sit on a stranger's perch and crow; and that cock is best off who has a home of his

own. If I could join such fine company as yours, I too would like to go to the woods and build a house."

"Well, flapping and crowing is all very well for noise, but it won't cut joists," said the pig. "You can't help us to build a house."

"It is not well to live in a house where there is neither dog nor cock," said the cock. "I am early to rise and early to crow."

"Yes, early to rise makes one wealthy and wise; so let him come with us," said the pig. He was always the heaviest sleeper. "Sleep is a big thief, and steals half one's life," said he.

II

So they all set off to the woods and built the house. The pig felled the trees and the ram dragged them home. The hare was the carpenter, and gnawed pegs and hammered them

into the walls and roof. The goose plucked moss and stuffed it into the cracks between the logs. The cock crowed and took care that they did not oversleep in the morning. And when the house was ready and the roof covered with birch-bark and thatched with turf, they could at least live by themselves, and they were all happy and contented.

"It's pleasant to travel both East and West, but home is, after all, the best," said the ram.

But a bit farther into the woods two wolves had their lair. When they saw that a new house had been built close by, these wolves wanted to know what sort of people they had for neighbors.

So one of them made it his business to call at the new house and ask for a light for his pipe.

The moment he came inside the door, the ram rushed at him and gave him such a butt with his horns that the wolf fell on his head into the hearth; the pig snapped and bit, the goose nipped and pecked, and the cock flew up on a rafter and began to crow. The hare became so frightened that he scampered and jumped about, both high and low, and scrambled from one corner of the room to the other.

At last the wolf managed to get out of the house.

"Well," said the second wolf, who was waiting outside, "I suppose you had a grand reception, since you stayed so long. But what about the light? I don't see either pipe or smoke."

"Yes, that was a nice light I got, and a nice lot of people they were!" exclaimed the wolf who had been in the house. "Such treatment I never met with before!

"No sooner had I got inside the door than the shoemaker threw his last at me, and I fell on my head in the middle of the forge. There sat two smiths, blowing bellows and pinching and

snipping bits of flesh off me with red-hot tongs and pincers. The hunter rushed about the room looking for his gun, but as luck would have it, he couldn't find it. And up on the rafters sat some one beating his arms about and shouting: 'Let's hook him! Let's hook him! Sling him up! Sling him up!' and if he had only got hold of me I should never have got out alive."

—P. C. Asbjörnsen.

WHEN GOOD KING ARTHUR RULED

WHEN good King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks of barley meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuffed it well with plums;
And in it put two lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.

THREE CHILDREN SLIDING

THREE children sliding on the ice
Upon a summer's day;
As it fell out they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

Now had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not all been drowned.

You parents all that children have,
And you that have got none,
If you would keep them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

A TRAGIC STORY

THERE lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail wore;
But wondered much and sorrowed more
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Said he, "The mystery I've found,—
I'll turn me round."—
He turned him round;
But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain — it mattered not a pin —
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right, and left, and round about,
And up, and down, and in, and out,
He turned; but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
Alas! still faithful to his back
The pigtail hangs behind him.

— *Translated by* WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE GREEDY PINCUSHION[1]

THERE once was a Pincushion, ruddy and round,
With an appetite awful to know;
He ate all the needles and pins to be found,
Yet only grew hungrier so.

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Now this was not right, for they'd stuffed him with bran
Enough for a Pincushion's food,
And that he should take care of the pins was the plan,
For they thought he was gentle and good.

You'd never suspect him, because he was fat,
And because his expression was sweet.
The pins sometimes stuck by their heads, which were flat,
But the needles he swallowed complete!

And Margery wondered as hard as could be,
"What becomes of the needles and pins?
With such a nice Pincushion, I cannot see!"
And here's where the Sequel begins.

Sequel

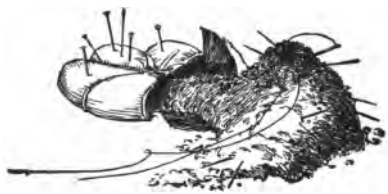
The Pincushion grew all the greedier now.
One morning when no one was by,
He swallowed a needle, without seeing how
It had a long thread in its eye.

But Margery noticed the end of the thread.
She pulled, and the needle flew wide;
"Oh," she thought, "maybe more of my needles
are fed
To that wicked Pincushion's inside."

She squeezed him and thumped him and pinched
him up tight,
Till his features were crooked with pain;
When hundreds of needles oozed out into sight,
And the pins fell about him like rain!

But, oh, she was angry to find on that day
What the greedy Pincushion had done;
So she tore him in pieces and threw him away,
And the needles and pins saw the fun.

— Abbie Farwell Brown.



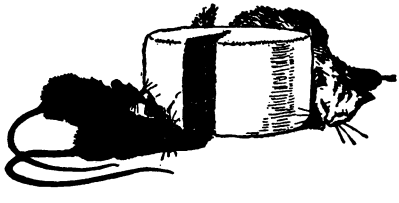
WHAT BECAME OF THEM?

HE was a rat, and she was a rat,
And down in one hole they did dwell;
And both were as black as a witch's cat,
And they loved one another well.

He had a tail, and she had a tail,
Both long and slender and fine;
And each said, "Yours is the finest tail
In the world, excepting mine."

He smelt the cheese, and she smelt the cheese,
And they both pronounced it good;
And both remarked it would greatly add
To the charms of their daily food.

So he ventured out, and she ventured out,
And I saw them go with pain;
And what befell them I never can tell,
For they never came back again.



TOPSY-TURVY WORLD

If the butterfly courted the bee,
And the owl the porcupine;
If the churches were built in the sea,
And three times one was nine;
If the pony rode his master;
If the buttercups ate the cows;
If the cat had the dire disaster
To be worried, sir, by the mouse;
If mamma, sir, sold the baby
To a gypsy for half a crown;
If a gentleman, sir, was a lady, —
The world would be Upside Down!
If any or all of these wonders
Should ever come about,
I should not consider them blunders,
For I should be Inside Out!

UNCLE JOE'S STORY OF CHRISTMAS AMONG THE ESKIMOS

I

THE Eskimo children have vacation all the time. Nobody can keep school, because nobody knows how to read. There isn't an A B C in the whole country, nor a sheet of paper. All the people do is to try to keep alive. There isn't a stick of wood! No, not so much as a shingle! And that is why the children use walrus ribs for catsticks.

One day, when I was watching them at play, the thought came into my mind, "What would these poor little things think if they could see all the toys and games that our children have? What would they say to a Christmas tree all lighted?"

It must have been Santa Claus who put into my head the ridiculous notion of getting up a Christmas tree for Nettuh, Annadore, and the rest. I say ridiculous, because there isn't a tree in the land, nor a candle, nor a shop, nor a

toy, — nor even a bit of twine, supposing I had presents, to tie them on with!

But just because the thing seemed impossible I made up my mind to set about it. I had picked up Eskimo enough to talk a little, so the first thing I did was to tell Nevvu something about Christmas day, and why it was kept.

Then I described to her a Christmas tree. She did not even know there were such things as trees. And when I spoke of their growing higher than her husband and her cousins' husbands would reach, one standing on top of the other, and then described the forests and the fruit trees, she shook her head and looked at me in a strange way, as much as to say that I might as well save my breath.

But the idea of something which should be a few feet high, — something with branches and lights, and hung all over with pretty things for the children, — *that* she understood. Because she was a mother, I suppose.

In setting about this funny undertaking, the first thing to be thought of was the tree. That

I made by taking a bear's backbone and fastening to it for branches the spines and ribs of foxes. For strings I used the tendons of these animals and narrow strips of sealskin. These last were better for tying the branches to the trunk. Bunches of moss soaked in oil, I thought, would do very well for candles.

Next, presents. I was, at first, really puzzled. For there were Sipsu's five boys, besides Nettuh and Annadore and the babies, and Mane's grown-up girl, Sennuh, — and nowhere to go to buy anything!

"But, Joe," said I to myself (I liked to talk English sometimes), "Joe, there must be presents!"

"Yes," said myself, answering back, "I know that, and there shall be presents! Let's begin with the girls."

"Of course," said I.

Now, in thinking what present to give a small girl, a doll comes first to mind. So I made a doll — made it of sealskin, stuffed with moss, and dressed it exactly as Nettuh herself was dressed,

with trousers, jumper, hood, and all. My needle was a sharp bone, and my thread the tendons of animals.

I tore off a quarter of my pocket-handkerchief to cover its head with, to give them some idea of a white child's face. I burned the point of a very slender bone and drew the features. There being plenty of time in that country, I didn't hurry much, and the face when finished was quite pretty.

When the doll was ready, I hid it away in a hole I had scraped out in the snow. For everything must be kept secret from the children. I told Nevvu. Of course she had to see, but I charged her not to tell.

Sometimes I used to go off by myself and work in one of the little "haycocks," as I used to call them. Our hut was made of snow and was shaped like a haycock. The bottom measured between three and four yards across, and in the center you could stand up straight.

There were two smaller "haycocks" which led out of this, and into one of these I used to go

and work, though sometimes we sent Nettuh and Annadore to see their cousins.

The doll was for Nettuh. For Annadore I made, of another quarter of my pocket-handkerchief, a rag-baby, and dressed it in long clothes, like babies at home. In Eskimo-land they wrap babies up in fox skins. My underjacket was lined with red flannel, and I took some of that for the rag-baby's long clothes. When she was finished I laid her in a beautiful cradle, which I carved out of clear, transparent ice. In carving ice I found that a heated bone was a very handy tool.

Next, I made some bone beads and strung a necklace and bracelets for the grown-up girl, Sennuh. I also made for her a very pretty model of a church, with steeple and towers all cut in ice. I missed my jackknife dreadfully. Most of the work had to be done with a piece of rusty iron hoop which I had sharpened. Some years before, a cask had drifted ashore, and Nevvu's husband had managed to get a couple of the hoops.

What to make for the boys was the next question. Of course, it must be some noisy thing. After thinking it over I made up my mind that Mellek should have a drum, Panikpa a trumpet, and Luk a fife. For Koko, the dumpling of a boy, I rigged a jumping-jack.

The trumpet and fife were made of hollow bones. The drum was made of sealskin, first wet, then shaped, and then frozen. The ends, however, were of beaten foxskin. For drumsticks, I used walrus ribs.

But my best piece of work was the jumping-jack. This was mostly of bones, loosely jointed together. For its head I took the head of a frozen auk; for its hands and feet, fox paws. I never saw a funnier jumping-jack in my life.

When Nevvu first saw it she screamed for joy! I hid it in my hole under the snow and charged her to keep away from there; but if left alone in the hut, she was sure to get hold of it and begin jerking the string. I didn't know but that I should have to make playthings for the fathers and mothers, too!

It occurred to me that they had never seen a horse, or a cow, or a cart, or furniture of any kind, so I went to work and put together some little chairs and tables. I made them of bones of birds. And afterward I modeled a small horse in snow. When it was finished, I passed a heated bone over the surface, then gave it a covering of fox hairs and froze them on.

I made a cow also in the same way. And after trying over and over and over again, I made something which would give them an idea of a carriage. The horse and cow looked more natural than anyone would suppose.

Besides all these things, I made out of snow a lot of marbles for the boys. I even made alleys, some with red rings around them, and some quartered with red. The coloring matter was liver juice.

I was quite puzzled to know what to do for candy, but soon thought of the plan of making sugar-plums, hearts, and kisses of frozen tallow, as they have nothing that is any more like sugar. Then for sticks of candy I used frozen

liver, cut into narrow strips. Hanging on the tree, these looked like sticks of dark molasses candy. I made for each child one huge sugar-plum, nearly the size of a pullet's egg, and spotted it red with liver juice. Tallow tastes as good to the Eskimo children as sugar candy does to ours.

II

At last the time came for my great show. My tree stood four feet high, and was not at all a tree to be despised, or even laughed at. The branches were stiff, but then they had the advantage of not being weighed down by the presents. I hung icicles in various places.

The little church was placed on the tiptop of the tree at first, and it made a very pretty appearance. Afterward I put that, and the ice cradle with the rag-baby in it, on the floor under the tree, where they would keep cold. I took care not to place any of the moss candles near the candy.

When everything was ready, I let the older

people in and placed them just inside the two small "haycocks," but with their heads out, so that they might see what was going on. Mane put her baby in her boot and there it stayed, its head peeping over the top. It didn't seem to hinder Mane's walking about at all!

Oomah and Sennuh crept in next, and then the children. I couldn't help laughing to see their heads popping up one after another. They had to creep in through the snow by a tunnel

four yards long, and then over a hummock at the entrance.

At first there was a dead calm. They were too much confounded to speak a word. I said to myself that one look at those staring faces paid me for all my trouble; though I wanted no pay, for the trouble was a pleasure.

The mothers had taken much pains to have their children look well, as I had told them that our children usually put on their best things at Christmas. Some of them had jumpers made of thick, furry bearskin, white as snow.

Oomah, the young hunter, gave Nettuh three fox-tails from his girdle, to ornament her jumper. They hung down lengthwise. Annadore made a fuss because she couldn't have fox-tails too; so Nevvu made her a bird-skin collar, with auk-claws dangling at the corners. It is quite common among the Eskimos for one child to make a fuss because another has something better. But then, it is pretty cold weather up there!

My tree was as brilliant as any tree I ever saw. I won't except one. There were plenty of

moss candles, and they did give a splendid light. The icicles glittered, and the red-spotted sugar-plums looked gay enough!

And after the first surprise was over, oh, what a hubbub and what a racket! Old and young were jabbering and grunting. No doubt they said, "Charming! Lovely! Perfectly splendid!" or what amounted to all that. But it sounded like "Unku-chub-chuk-quok-nap-tok-lork-mootna-kumpg!" Now think of a dozen people going on in this way!

Nettuh looked her doll full in the face, and spoke to it as if it were alive, and then put it in her hood, with its face over her left shoulder, just as her mother carried her baby. This brought down the house! The older ones were so delighted with everything that they screamed and sucked their fingers by turns.

Such an uproarious time as it was! The drummer drummed, the fifer fifed, and the trumpeter trumpeted! The dumpling of a chap with the jumping-jack jerked the string over and over again, and grunted and "gub-quok-gubbled" to

his heart's content! The babies, I forgot to say before, had rattles made of fox-teeth strung around a bone ring.

Lastly, the refreshments were passed around. Great pains had been taken to provide good things to eat, namely, bears' paws and deer's marrow-bones. To get these last, Oomah had stayed out in the cold one hundred and forty-four hours!

Then I passed scalloped cakes, hearts and rounds, made of frozen tallow. My candy was received with screams of joy. They sucked it down, licked their fingers, and looked over their shoulders for more.

"Poor things!" thought I. "Alas, you will never taste anything sweeter than tallow!" But they liked it.

One slight mischance cast a gloom over the party, though only for a moment. Luk nearly got choked by drawing too much bear-steak into his mouth. It is the Eskimo fashion to take a great strip of meat in the fingers, and draw it in until the mouth is full, then hack it

off just outside the lips. Luk didn't stop drawing in quite soon enough.

When all was over and each family was quietly asleep in its own hut, I found myself wide awake, — cruelly wide awake, I might say. For, hard as I tried to keep thoughts away, they would come. So I wandered out into the starlight all alone, turned my face to the south, and let myself imagine all about my dear ones there.

I wished them each a Merry Christmas, and prayed that they might be kept alive and in good health. Coming back, I threw a kiss to my little sister, and thought, "Who knows but some northern gale may blow it straight upon her cheek!"

How did I get away? O, that's quite another story! In the spring Oomah dragged me across the country in his ivory-runnered sledge to the open sea. It was while waiting there that I was taken off by the good ship *Fortune.* A fortune indeed she was to me!

— A. M. Diaz.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads,
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap —
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash;

The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of midday to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!—
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys — and St. Nicholas, too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry,
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
He was chubby and plump — a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself:
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

— CLEMENT C. MOORE.

PUSS-IN-BOOTS

I

THERE was once a miller who had three sons. When he died, he gave his mill to the eldest, his donkey to the second, and his cat to the youngest.

Each of the brothers took what was given him, but the poor young fellow who had nothing but the cat felt that he had been unfairly treated.

"My brothers," said he, "by working together may do well in the world, but as for me, when I have eaten my cat and made a fur cap of his skin, I may soon die of hunger!"

The cat, who all this time had sat listening

just inside the door of a cupboard, now came out and said to the youngest son:

"Be not thus sad, my good master. You have only to give me a bag, and have a pair of boots made for me, so that I may run through the dirt and the brambles, and you shall see that you are not so badly off as you think."

Though the cat's master did not think much of these promises, yet, as he had often seen the cunning tricks Puss played to catch the rats and mice, he did not despair of the cat's being useful now.

When the cat had got what he asked for, he gaily drew on the boots, and put the bag about his neck, taking hold of the strings with his forepaws. Then, bidding his master take courage, he ran off.

The first thing he did was to put some bran and some parsley into his bag. Then he went to a warren in which there were a great many rabbits. Lying down, he stretched himself out at full length as if he were dead. Then he waited for one of the young rabbits to come and get

into his bag, the better to feast upon the good things he had put into it.

Puss had scarcely lain down when a foolish young rabbit crept into the bag. The cat quickly drew the strings and so caught the rabbit.

Puss, proud of his prey, went on to the palace, where he asked if he might speak to the King. On being led to the King, he made a low bow and said:

"Sire, I have brought you this rabbit from the warren of my lord, the Marquis of Carabas, who bade me present it to your majesty with his greatest respect." ("The Marquis of Carabas" was the title which the cat thought best to give his master.)

"Tell my lord, the Marquis of Carabas," replied the King, "that I accept his gift with pleasure, and that I am greatly obliged to him."

Soon afterward, Puss went hunting in the same way, in a field of corn, with as good luck as before. Two fine partridges walked into his bag, which he quickly closed and carried to the palace. The King accepted the partridges as

readily as he had accepted the rabbit, and told his servants to give Puss some milk to drink.

And so Puss-in-Boots took presents of game to the King, from "my lord, the Marquis of Carabas," at least once every week.

II

One day Puss heard that the King was to take a ride that morning along the river bank with his daughter, who was the most beautiful princess in all the world. Puss said to his master:

"If you will do as I say, your fortune is made. Take off your clothes and bathe in the river at just the spot I shall show you, and leave the rest to me."

The "Marquis of Carabas" could not guess what was about to happen, but he did just as Puss said. While he was bathing, the King passed by and almost at once he heard Puss call out as loudly as he could:

"Help! Help! My lord, the Marquis of Carabas, is in danger of drowning!"

The King put his head out of the carriage window to learn what was the matter. When he saw the very cat who had brought him so many presents, he ordered his men-at-arms to run at once to aid the Marquis of Carabas.

While they were helping the Marquis out of the river, Puss-in-Boots ran to the King's carriage. He told his majesty that while his master was bathing, some one had run off with his clothes. (The sly cat had hidden them himself under a large stone.)

Upon hearing this news, the King ordered the officers of his wardrobe to fetch one of his own handsome suits for the Marquis of Carabas.

Now, as the fine clothes which the King's men brought him made the miller's son look like a gentleman, — and very handsome too, — the King's daughter was much taken with his appearance.

The King asked the supposed Marquis to get into the carriage and ride with them. Puss-in-Boots, enchanted to see how well his plan had succeeded so far, ran ahead to a meadow where some men were mowing, and said to them:

"Good people, the King will soon pass this way. If you do not tell him that the meadow you are mowing belongs to my lord, the Marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as small as mincemeat."

When the King drove past, he asked the mowers to whom the meadow belonged. They all said at once, "To my lord, the Marquis of Carabas," for the threats of Puss had frightened them terribly.

"You have here a fine piece of land, my lord Marquis," said the King.

"Truly, sire," he replied. "It brings in every year a plentiful harvest."

Puss, who again went on ahead, soon came to a field of reapers. He said to them:

"Good people, the King will soon pass this way. If you do not tell him that the corn you have reaped in this field belongs to my lord, the Marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as small as mincemeat."

The King passed by a moment later, and asked to whom the corn belonged.

"To my lord, the Marquis of Carabas," the reapers answered, loudly.

The King was much pleased and astonished at the fine estate of the Marquis of Carabas.

III

Puss came at last to a stately castle which belonged to the richest Ogre ever known. All the fine lands which the King had seen were his.

Puss-in-Boots took care to learn everything he could about the Ogre, and then asked to speak with him. The Ogre received Puss as politely as an Ogre could, and asked him to be seated.

"I have been told," said the cat, "that you can change yourself into all sorts of animals—into a lion or an elephant, for example."

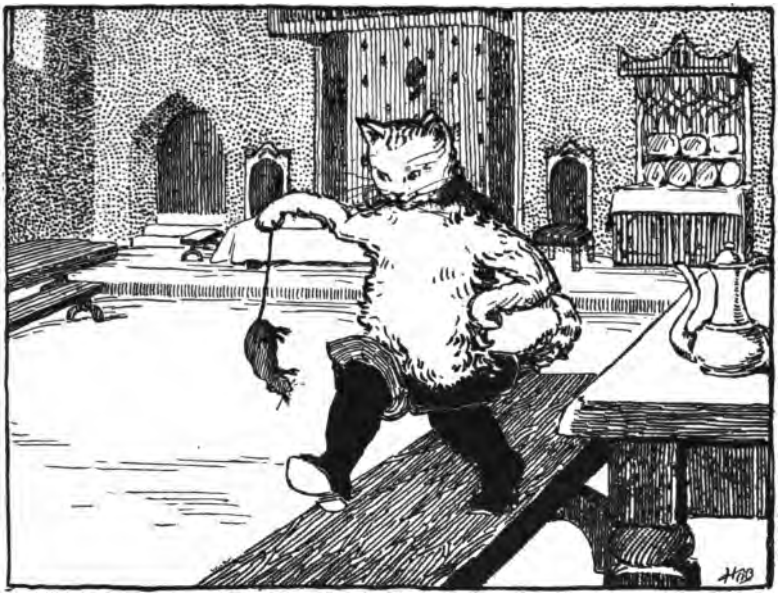
"That is true," said the Ogre, "and, to show you, I will now take the form of a lion."

The cat was so frightened at being near a lion that he sprang from the room and climbed to the roof of the house. A little while later, when the lion had become an Ogre again, Puss came down from the roof and said he had been quite frightened.

"But I know not how to believe," said Puss-in-Boots, "that you can also change yourself into a very small animal, like a mouse or a rat. That surely must be impossible."

"Impossible!" cried the Ogre. "You shall see that I can do that too!"

At that instant he changed himself into a mouse and began to frisk about the room. Puss-



in-Boots sprang upon him and caught him and then ate him up in a minute.

Meanwhile, the King had reached the beautiful castle of the Ogre and very much wished to enter. Puss-in-Boots, hearing the noise of the carriage on the drawbridge, came out and said:

"Your majesty is welcome to the castle of my lord, the Marquis of Carabas."

"And is this splendid castle yours also, my lord Marquis of Carabas?" asked the King. "I

never saw anything more stately than the building, or more beautiful than the park around it. Pray, my lord, may I enter?"

They entered a great hall, where they found a table spread for a splendid feast which the Ogre had ordered prepared for some friends whom he was expecting.

When the Ogre's friends reached the castle and heard that the King and the princess and a great gentleman of the court were within, they did not dare to enter.

The King was so charmed with the good manners and great fortune of the Marquis of Carabas, and the young princess had fallen so deeply in love with him, that when they were seated at table, the King said:

"It will be your own fault, my lord Marquis of Carabas, if you do not soon become my son-in-law."

The Marquis made a low bow, thanked the King, and married the princess that very day.

THE OGRE THAT PLAYED JACK-STRAWS

ONCE there was a giant Ogre who lived in a huge castle that was built right in the middle of a valley. All men had to pass this castle on their way to the king's palace, which stood on a rock at the head of the valley.

They were all afraid of the Ogre, and ran just as fast as they could when they went by. And when they looked back, they could see the Ogre sitting on the wall of his castle, scowling at them very fiercely.

He had a head as large as a barrel, with great black eyes and long, bushy eyelashes. When he opened his mouth, they saw that it was full of teeth, and so they ran away faster than ever, without caring to see anything more.

dared to go out into the valley beside the Ogre's castle. No one even dared to look at the castle from anywhere, because, when the Ogre scowled, all who saw him dropped to the ground with fear, and their teeth began to fall out. And when the Ogre roared, there was no one who could bear to hear it.

So the king and all his men hid in the cellar of the castle with the queen and the princesses, and they stuffed their ears full of cotton, while the Ogre scowled and roared and had his own way.

But there was a little boy, named Pennyroyal, who tended the black horse Hurricane. He was not afraid of anything because he was a little boy. This little boy said he would go out and see the Ogre and tell him to go away. The people were all so afraid that they could not ask Pennyroyal not to go. So he put on his hat, filled his pockets with marbles, took his kite under his arm, and went down the valley to the castle of the Ogre.

The Ogre sat on the wall and looked at him,

but the little boy was not afraid, and so it did the Ogre no good to scowl. Then Pennyroyal knocked on the Ogre's door; and the Ogre opened it and looked at the little boy.

"Please, Mr. Ogre, may I come in?" said Pennyroyal.

Then the Ogre let the little boy in, and he began to walk around the castle, looking at all the things. There was one room filled with bones, but the Ogre was ashamed of it, and did not want the little boy to see it. So, when Penny-

royal was not looking, the Ogre changed the room and made it small, so that instead of a room full of bones it became just a box of jack-straws. And the big elephant which he kept there to play with he made into a lap elephant, and the little boy took it in his hand and stroked its tiny tusks and tied a knot in its trunk. Everything that could frighten the little boy the Ogre made small and pretty.

By and by the Ogre himself grew smaller and smaller. He took off his ugly old face, with the long teeth and bushy eyelashes, and dropped it on the floor and covered it with a wolf-skin. Then he sat down on the wolf-skin, and the little boy sat down on the floor beside him, and they began to play a game with the box of jack-straws that had been a room full of bones. The Ogre had never been a boy himself, so jack-straws was the only game he knew how to play.

Then the elephant which the Ogre had made small snuggled down between them on the floor. And as they played with each other, the castle itself grew small, and shrank away until there

was just room enough for them to play their game.

Up in the palace, when the Ogre stopped roaring, the king's men looked out and saw that the huge castle was gone. Then Roger, the king's son, called for Pennyroyal. But when he could not find the boy, he saddled the black horse Hurricane himself, and rode down the valley to the place where the Ogre's castle had been.

When he came back, he told the king that the Ogre and his castle were gone. Where the castle had stood there was nothing left but a board tent under an oak tree, and in the tent there were two little boys playing jackstraws, and between them on the ground lay a candy elephant.

That was all. For the terrible Ogre was the kind of ogre that treats people just exactly as they treat him. There isn't any other kind of Ogre.

— David Starr Jordan.

WHAT THE WOOD FIRE SAID TO THE LITTLE BOY

WHAT said the wood in the fire
To the little boy that night,
The little boy of the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little armchair?

The wood said: "See
What they've done to me!
I stood in the forest, a beautiful tree,
And waved my branches from east to west;
And many a sweet bird built its nest
In my leaves of green
That loved to lean
In springtime over the daisies' breast.

"From the blossomy dells
Where the violet dwells,
The cattle came with their clanking bells
And nestled under my shadows sweet;
And the winds that went over, and clover and wheat

Told me all that they knew
Of the flowers that grew
In the beautiful meadows that dreamed at my feet.

"And the wild wind's caresses
Oft rumpled my tresses;
But sometimes, as soft as a mother's lip presses
On the brow of the child of her bosom, it laid
Its lips on my leaves, and I was not afraid;
And I listened and heard
The small heart of each bird
As it beat in the nest that its mother had made.

"And the lightning
Came brightening
From storm skies, and frightening
The wandering birds that were tossed by the breeze,
And tilted like ships in blank, billowy seas;
But they flew to my breast
And I rocked them to rest
While the trembling vines clustered and clung to my knees.

"But how soon," said the wood,
"Fades the memory of good!
For the forester came with his axe gleaming bright,
And I fell like a giant all shorn of his might.
Yet still there must be
Some sweet mission for me;
For have I not warmed you and cheered you to-night?"

So said the wood in the fire
To the little boy that night,
The little boy of the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little armchair,
When the blaze was burning bright.

— FRANK L. STANTON.

BRIAR ROSE

CHARACTERS

King	Old Woman
Queen	Wicked Fairy
Princess Briar Rose	Good Fairies
Prince	Pages
Nurse	Ladies and Gentlemen

ACT I

[*In the castle. A throne at the center back of the room. At one side stands a cradle with a lace canopy.*

The King and Queen enter, followed by two pages who hold up the Queen's train and the King's long cape. Then come the ladies and gentlemen, the nurse carrying the baby, and the seven good fairies.

The King and Queen sit upon the throne; the ladies and gentlemen stand at each side. The nurse places the baby in the cradle, which the pages bring to the center of the stage. The fairies gather round the cradle.]

King (*rising*). Welcome, Good Fairies, to our court. We are glad to have you with us today to celebrate the christening of our first and only child, the Princess Briar Rose.

Queen. We are sure that your presence here will bring our darling child good fortune.

Fairies (*curtsying to King and Queen*).

For the baby Princess fair
Wishes true as gifts we bear.

[*The fairies, waving wands, dance around the cradle, then stand still.*]

First Fairy. The Princess shall be fair of face.

Second Fairy. And she shall dance with airy grace.

Third Fairy. The Princess shall be good and dear.

Fourth Fairy. And she shall sing with voice most clear.

Fifth Fairy. The Princess never shall be ill.

Sixth Fairy. And she shall play the harp with skill.

[*At this instant a loud noise is heard outside, and in rushes the Wicked Fairy. She goes to the cradle and stamps her foot angrily.*]

Wicked Fairy. Well! I have come to your party, too, although you did not invite me. And here is *my gift* to the Princess. [*She waves her wand threateningly over the cradle.*] Listen to the gift I bring!

Your Princess here shall dance and sing
For sixteen years, not one year more;
Then another fate's in store.
From spindle prick the maid shall die!
To break my spell no need to try.

[*With a harsh laugh, she rushes from the room before the frightened people can stop her. The Queen weeps. The King and gentlemen-in-waiting draw their swords. All is confusion. The Seventh Fairy steps forward and raises her wand.*]

Seventh Fairy.

Peace, good friends, pray do not weep;
The Princess shall not die, but sleep!
Shall sleep till a hundred years have flown,
When a Prince shall wake her to be his own.

[*The King leads the Queen back to her seat and all return to their former places.*]

Queen. Oh, fairies dear, we cannot thank you enough for all your kindness. Pray come to us often and watch over the happiness of our darling child.

Seventh Fairy.

Whene'er the Princess is in need
We'll hasten here with fairy speed.
And now farewell!

All. Farewell, farewell! [*Fairies run out.*]

King (*to page*). Come hither, boy. [*Page bows before King.*] Tell the heralds to go forth throughout the length and breadth of my kingdom and carry this command: It is the King's will that every spindle in the kingdom be destroyed. If ever a spindle is found in the house of one of my subjects, the owner shall surely die. This is my command.

Page. I obey, Your Majesty. [*Page bows and goes out.*]

King. Come, now, my Queen. We need not fear the Wicked Fairy longer, for with no spindle in the kingdom, how can her wish come true?

[*As he speaks they walk out, followed by the others, the nurse carrying the baby in her arms.*]

ACT II

[*Sixteen years later. A bare room in a tower of the castle. From behind a screen comes a whirring noise. It is the birthday of the Princess Briar Rose. The seven good fairies run in and stand in a group.*]

First Fairy.

The sixteen years draw to a close
To-day, for Princess Briar Rose.

Second Fairy.

She knows naught of the magic spell
The wicked fairy did foretell.

Third Fairy.

The King and Queen, forgetting all,
Think not this day ill shall befall.

[*They run behind the scenes as Briar Rose enters, singing to herself.*]

Princess. I never was up here before, and now that I have climbed the long steps to the tower there is nothing to see. [*A cough is heard.*] What's that! Perhaps there is some one behind that screen.

[*She tiptoes to the screen and pushes it softly to one side. There sits an old woman spinning.*]

Princess (*to old woman*): Oh! Who are you?

Old Woman (*looking up*). Good morning, child! Pray, who are you?

Princess (*laughing happily*). Oh, don't you know? I am the Princess Briar Rose. To-day is my sixteenth birthday. See my beautiful necklace! It is my father's gift. To-night I am to go to my first ball. I can hardly wait till evening.

Old Woman. God bless you, little Princess. [*She gets up stiffly and curtsies.*] I sit spinning here in the tower day after day, and I know not what goes on in the world below.

Princess. Oh, grannie, is that spinning? I never heard of that before. Let me try to do it.

Old Woman. You may try, but be careful not to hurt yourself.

[*Princess takes the spindle, pricks herself, and falls to the floor. The old woman looks at the Princess for a moment, then draws the screen around her and hobbles out of the room. The seven good fairies run out and group themselves in the center of the tower.*]

Fairies.

And now the princess is in need,
We hasten here with fairy speed.

[*First Fairy stands still while others move about, waving their wands slowly.*]

First Fairy.

We'll weave a spell of sleep o'er all
Who dwell within this castle's wall,
And build around it, high and deep,
A hedge of thorny brush, to keep
All safe until the prince shall break
The spell, and thus the princess wake.

[*Fairies run out.*]

ACT III

[*One hundred years later. The tower in the castle. Prince enters on tiptoe, looking wonderingly about him.*]

Prince. Well, here I am at the top of the tower, but there is no one here. Where shall I find the beautiful Princess who, they say, has been sleeping in this enchanted castle for a hundred years? I have searched in every corner of the place, but can find her nowhere.

There are many lovely ladies asleep below, but my heart tells me that not one of them is the Princess. I am sure I shall know her when I see her. [*He stands in thought, looking about the room.*] How still it is! I wonder what is behind that screen! [*He goes to the screen, pulls it to one side, and discovers the sleeping Princess Briar Rose. At first he gazes at her*

silently.] How lovely she is! [*He removes his hat and, sinking on one knee, takes her hand. The Princess opens her eyes and smiles.*]

Princess. Is it you at last, dear Prince? I dreamed that you would come to waken me. But you have been long in coming.

Prince. Dear lady, I am here now and at your service. Will you come with me out into the world and be my Princess for ever and ever?

Princess (*rising*). I will go with you gladly, Prince, if my father and mother are willing. Do you know where they are?

[*Excited voices are heard outside.*]

King and Queen (*at the door*). Briar Rose! Briar Rose!

Prince. See, they are here!

Princess (*running to the King and Queen*). Father! Mother!

King. My dear child!

Queen. You are alive and well! The promise of the good fairies has come true.

Princess. Here is the Prince who has wakened me. [*Prince bows.*]

Queen. And he has wakened us all. We all have slept for a hundred years.

King. Prince, we thank you for breaking the spell of the wicked fairy. [*Then the King places the hand of the Princess in that of the Prince.*] And here is your reward.

Ladies and Gentlemen. Long live the Prince and Princess!

[*Good Fairies run in.*]

King. Welcome, good fairies!

All. Welcome!

Fairies.

Come, good friends, let all be gay,
The wicked spell has passed away.

[*Bowing to Prince and Princess.*]

Dear fairy Prince and Princess true,
All happiness we give to you!

[*The fairies form an arch with their wands, under which the Prince and Princess pass as they leave the room, followed by all the other people. The fairies dance round the room and then out.*]

ANECDOTES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Earning a Life of Washington

THE Lincoln family had very few books, only three or four in all; so sometimes Abraham borrowed from the neighbors. Once he borrowed a *Life of George Washington* from a family named Crawford.

During the day he had to help his father outdoors and had no time for the book. But in the evening he read it by the light of a candle. When he went to bed, he put it between two logs in the wall of the cabin, in a place that he called his bookcase.

Here he thought it would be safe, but in the night a heavy rain came in and almost spoiled the book.

Poor Abraham was distressed when he found what had happened. However, there was nothing to do but to tell Mr. Crawford at once. So he carried the book over and explained the whole thing.

"I have no money to pay for it," he said, "but I could work on your farm."

"Very well," answered Mr. Crawford, "come and pull corn for two days."

Abraham went to the Crawford farm and did two days' work pulling corn. After he had finished, Mr. Crawford said to him:

"Now the book is yours."

This was a piece of good luck that Abraham had not expected. The book was dirty and marked by the rain, yet he prized it because it told about the life of his greatest hero.

Copying a Book

But Abraham was not always able to earn the books he wanted. Once he borrowed a grammar from another neighbor, and when this man wanted it again, he copied every word on sheets of paper.

It took many hours to do this, and he often got tired of such slow work. But he felt that he needed the grammar; so he persevered until the task was finished. He could then study the grammar whenever he pleased, until he had learned the whole book.

Writing on a Shovel

Another study that Lincoln liked was arithmetic. He did not go to school very much; so he used to work out examples at home in the evenings, after his farm work was done.

Often there were no paper and pencils in the house. Then Abraham would take the wooden hearth-shovel and lie down on the floor before the fireplace. With a piece of charred wood

from the fire, he would work examples all over both sides of the shovel.

When he had finished, he would take his father's plane and shave off from the shovel a thin layer of wood. Then both sides would be fresh and clean, ready for another set of examples the next night.

A Walk through Icy Water

When the Lincoln family moved from Indiana to Illinois, they had a wagon drawn by oxen in which to carry their furniture. By the side of the wagon ran their little pet dog.

It was early in the spring, and the streams were high and full of ice. The family came to one of these streams and with difficulty got the oxen and wagon across. Just as they reached the other side they heard a frantic barking. It was the little dog, left behind on the opposite bank. He had not been able to follow the wagon, and had been forgotten by everyone.

Abraham's father was not willing to go back for the dog because night was coming on. But

neither was Abraham willing to leave the little fellow behind to starve. So, in spite of the cold, he pulled off his shoes and stockings, waded across the stream, and soon returned with the happy dog under his arm. The dog was so grateful that Abraham felt repaid for his long walk through the icy water.

Lincoln and the Young Birds

When Lincoln was a lawyer, he often had to ride from one town to another to try cases. Once he was riding on horseback through the country with some other lawyers, and they all stopped at a ford to water their horses. Then they rode on again, but they soon noticed that Lincoln was not with them.

"Where is Lincoln?" asked one of the lawyers.

"When I saw him last," answered another, "he had caught two young birds that had been blown out of their nest by the wind, and was hunting for the nest so as to put them back again."

When Lincoln rode up, he said to them, "I

could not have slept unless I had restored those little birds to their mother."

Saving a Pig's Life

Another time Lincoln was riding on horseback alone. He wore a new suit, something he could not afford very often. It was raining hard. As he rode along through the deep mud, he passed a pig that was stuck fast in a ditch.

He rode on a little way. But he could not forget the poor pig, and before he had gone far he turned his horse around and rode back. Jumping down, he plunged into the mud and pulled out the poor pig.

His clothes were soiled, of course, but he had not been willing to let that pig die when he could save its life.

"Honest Abe"

Abraham Lincoln at one time was clerk in a grocery store. The hours were long and often he did not finish his work until very late.

One Saturday night, when counting over his

cash, he found a few cents too much in the till. He remembered then that he had taken the extra money from one of his customers.

So, instead of waiting until he saw this customer again, he closed the store for the night and walked two miles through the darkness to make the matter right. He was tired with his day's work, and it was late, but he could not rest until he had given back the few cents which did not belong to him.

At another time he gave a woman only a half pound of tea instead of a whole pound. As soon as he found out what he had done, he hurried to this woman's house with the other half pound. She was much surprised, for she did not even know that he had made a mistake.

These two stories show why Lincoln was often called "Honest Abe."

Lincoln the Postmaster

Abraham Lincoln was made postmaster of a little Illinois town called New Salem. There was one mail a week, and the only letter-box

was Lincoln's hat. Finally the Government closed the office. The postmaster was left with nearly eighteen dollars postage money.

The Government was to send an agent to receive the money and to close up the accounts of the office. Nobody came for this money for several years. But at last an agent did call to get it.

In the meantime Lincoln had been in debt and very poor, so poor that he had been obliged to borrow money from his friends. But the post office money was safe.

He went to his trunk, took out an old blue sock full of copper and silver, and shook it out on the table.

Here were the very same coins which the country people had given him for postage several years before. The agent counted and found the exact sum that should have been there. Not a penny was gone. Lincoln was too honest to borrow trust money, no matter how great his need.

Lincoln the Expressman

One day, while walking along the streets of his Illinois home, Lincoln passed a little girl who stood crying bitterly beside a trunk in front of her house. He stopped to ask what the matter was, and found that she had expected to go on a journey and was waiting for a wagon to take her trunk to the station. It was getting late, and she was crying because she was going to miss the train and would have to stay at home.

"We will make that all right," said Lincoln. "Just come along with me."

He lifted the trunk up on his shoulder, took the little girl by the hand, and walked as fast as he could through the streets to the railway station half a mile away.

They were just in time for the train. He put her and her trunk on board, and she went happily away on her journey, thanks to "Lawyer Lincoln," who was not too great to help a little girl in trouble, and who has often been called "the truest gentleman that ever lived."

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

'Tis splendid to live so grandly
That, long after you are gone,
The things that you did are remembered,
And recounted under the sun;
To live so bravely and purely,
That a nation stops on its way,
And once a year, with banner and drum,
Keeps its thoughts of your natal day.

'Tis splendid to have a record
So white and free from stain,
That, held to the light, it shows no blot,
Though tested and tried amain;
That age to age forever
Repeats its story of love,
And your birthday lives in a nation's heart
All other days above.

And this is Washington's glory,
A steadfast soul and true,
Who stood for his country's honor
When his country's days were few;

And now, when its days are many,
And its flag of stars is flung
To the breeze in defiant challenge,
His name is on every tongue.

Yes, it's splendid to live so bravely,
To be so great and strong,
That your memory is ever a tocsin
To rally the foes of wrong;
To live so proudly and purely,
That your people pause in their way,
And year by year, with banner and drum,
Keep the thoughts of your natal day.

— MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE STONE-BREAKER AND HIS SIX WISHES

ONE very hot day a poor stone-breaker was toiling at his heap of stones by the wayside. All the morning he worked without stopping. At noon he sat down to eat his midday meal.

Just then a rich man passed along the road. He was lying on silken cushions on a divan borne by slaves. Other slaves marched beside him, fanning him with big fans.

The poor stone-breaker looked up from his meal with envy.

"Ah, how I wish I were that man!" said he. "Instead of sitting on the hard ground I should be lying on a couch of silk, with servants to bring me everything I wanted."

No sooner had he finished speaking than a fairy appeared before him.

"Have then thy wish!" said the fairy, and vanished.

The next moment the stone-breaker found himself lying in the rich man's place. Instead of rags, a beautiful silken robe covered his body. A slave handed him a cooling drink in a golden cup. He drank, and saw that his fingers were adorned with flashing gems.

"Now I shall be content!" said the stone-breaker, and he ordered the slaves to take him into the town.

In the town the streets were crowded. But everybody made room for the rich man as he passed, and men bowed low before him.

Suddenly a number of black soldiers with

drawn swords marched by, pushing the people to right and left. The rich man was treated no better than the others. He was forced to wait by the side of the road.

"What is this?" he cried in anger. "Why can we not go on?"

"My lord," said the slave, "the Emperor is about to pass this way. The road is cleared for his coming."

Shortly afterward a blare of trumpets sounded, and the Emperor rode by. He was seated on the back of an elephant and was attended by many richly dressed nobles.

The rich man's heart was filled with envy.

"What is my power to his?" he said to himself. "Oh, how I wish I were the Emperor!"

No sooner had he spoken than the fairy appeared again.

"Have then thy wish!"

And in a moment he had become the Emperor and was riding on the back of the elephant.

How proud he was! He saw the people bow down to the dust before him, rich and poor

alike. He knew that he was the greatest man in all the land, and that his will was law.

The sun was very hot. The heat made the Emperor's head ache, so he commanded a slave to hold a large umbrella over him. But the sun's rays beat through the red silk covering and made him hotter than ever.

Then he became very angry.

"What is the use of being Emperor?" he said. "I see plainly that the sun is more powerful than I! I wish I were the sun!"

In a moment his wish was granted.

Now he wished to show how great his power was; so he shone every day with all his might. Never in the memory of man had the weather been so dry. The streams and ponds dried up, the grass turned brown, the leaves dropped off the trees, and the cattle died in the fields.

But one day a soft fleecy cloud drifted before the face of the sun. There it stayed, and grew bigger and bigger, and blacker and blacker.

"Out of my way!" the sun cried. "Can you not see that you are cutting off my light?"

But the cloud did not move.

"Is a cloud more powerful than I?" said the sun. "Then I wish I were a cloud!"

Once again his form changed; for the wish was granted. He remained in front of the sun, just to show that he was master, and soon he began to rain upon the earth.

At first it was a gentle rain that sank into the parched earth and brought life to the dying plants. But after a while the rain poured down in torrents. The plants were beaten to the earth. Rivers and streams overflowed their banks and flooded the land, sweeping away whole villages. Still the rain kept on, until it seemed that the very surface of the earth would be washed away.

The cloud was delighted with his power when he looked down and saw the damage he had done. But far beneath him he saw a rock, upon which the fiercest torrent had no effect. In vain the rain beat against its rugged sides. Through all that wild storm the rock stood unmoved.

"There is, then, one thing which has power to defy me," said the cloud. "I wish I were that

rock, for then I should be the strongest thing in the world."

The wish was granted; he became the rock. The sun shone upon him, but he did not feel the heat; the rain beat down and the winds blew, but he remained firm in his place.

One day he heard a tapping at his side. He looked down and saw a man, wretchedly clad in rags, chipping at him with a hammer.

"Stop!" shouted the rock, in a terrible rage. "How dare you treat me in that cruel way?" But the man did not hear him, and went on chipping.

"Can it be that this wretched creature is my master?" asked the rock. "Then I wish I were a stone-breaker."

Once again the fairy appeared.

"Have then thy wish," she said, "and be content for evermore."

So the stone-breaker returned to the state he had been in at first. His food was scanty and his work was hard. But he was happy, for he had learned to be contented with his lot.

THE TINDER-BOX

I

A SOLDIER came marching along the high road—"Left, right; left, right." He had his knapsack on his back and a sword at his side, for he had been to the wars and was now coming home again.

As he walked along, he met a very ugly old witch in the road. She stopped and said:

"Good evening, soldier; you have a very fine sword, and a large knapsack, and you are a real

soldier; so you shall have as much money as ever you like."

"Thank you, old witch," answered the soldier.

"Do you see that large tree?" said the witch, pointing to a tree which stood beside them. "Well, it is quite hollow inside, and you must climb to the top. There you will see a hole, through which you can let yourself down into the tree to a great depth. I will tie a rope around your body, so that I can pull you up again when you call out to me."

"But what am I to do down there in the tree?" asked the soldier.

"Get money," she replied. "When you reach the ground under the tree, you will find yourself in a large hall, lighted by three hundred lamps. You will then see three doors, which can easily be opened, for the keys are in the locks.

"On entering the first of the chambers to which these doors lead, you will see a large chest standing in the middle of the floor. Seated upon it will be a dog, with a pair of eyes

as large as teacups; but you need not be at all afraid of him. I will give you my blue-checked apron, which you must spread upon the floor, and then boldly seize the dog and place him upon it. You can then open the chest and take from it as many pennies as you please.

"They are only copper pennies; but if you would rather have silver money, you must go into the second chamber. Here you will find another chest and sitting upon it a dog, with eyes that are as big as mill-wheels; but do not let that trouble you. Place him upon my apron and then take as much silver money as you please.

"If, however, you like gold best, enter the third chamber, where there is a chest full of it. The dog who sits on this chest is very dreadful; his eyes are as big as towers, but do not mind him. If he is placed upon my apron he cannot hurt you, and you may take from the chest as much gold as you please."

"This is not a bad story," said the soldier; "but what am I to give you, you old witch?

For, of course, you do not mean to tell me all this for nothing."

"No," said the witch; "but I do not ask for a single penny. Only promise to bring me an old tinder-box which my grandmother left behind the last time she went down there."

"Very well; I promise. Now tie the rope around my body."

"Here it is," replied the witch; "and here is my blue-checked apron."

II

As soon as the rope was tied, the soldier climbed up the tree and let himself down through the hollow to the ground beneath; and here he found, as the witch had told him, a large hall in which many hundred lamps were all burning. Then he opened the first door. Ah! there sat the dog, with eyes as large as teacups, staring at him.

"You're a pretty fellow," said the soldier, seizing him and placing him on the witch's apron.

He filled his pockets from the chest with as

many pennies as they would hold. Then he closed the lid, seated the dog upon it again, and walked into another chamber. And, sure enough, there sat the dog with eyes as big as mill-wheels.

"You had better not look at me in that way," said the soldier; "you will make your eyes water." Then he seated the dog upon the apron and opened the chest. When he saw what a quantity of silver money it contained, he very quickly threw away all the pennies he had taken, and filled his pockets and his knapsack with nothing but silver.

Then he went into the third room, and there the dog was really hideous. His eyes were, truly, as big as towers, and they turned round and round in his head like wheels.

"Good morning," said the soldier, touching his cap, for he had never seen such a dog in his life. But after looking at him more closely, he thought he had been polite enough; so he placed him on the apron and opened the chest.

What a quantity of gold there was! — enough

to buy all the candy in the candy stores, all the tin soldiers, whips, and rocking-horses in the world, or even to buy the whole town itself.

The soldier now threw away all the silver money he had taken, and filled his pockets and his knapsack with gold instead. He filled not only his pockets and his knapsack, but even his cap and his boots, so that he could scarcely walk.

He was really rich now; so he put the dog on the chest again, closed the door, and called up through the tree, "Now, pull me out, you old witch!"

"Have you got the tinder-box?" asked the witch.

"No; I declare, I quite forgot it!"

So he went back and got the tinder-box, and then the witch drew him up out of the tree. He stood again in the high road, with his pockets, his knapsack, his cap, and his boots full of gold.

"What are you going to do with the tinder-box?" asked the soldier.

"That is nothing to you," replied the witch.

"You have the money; now give me the tinder-box."

"I tell you what," said the soldier, "if you don't tell me what you are going to do with it, I will draw my sword and cut off your head."

"No!" said the witch.

The soldier immediately cut off her head, and there she lay on the ground. Then he tied up all his money in her apron and slung it on his back like a bundle, put the tinder-box in his pocket, and walked off to the nearest town. It was a very fine town, and he put up at the best inn and ordered a dinner of all his favorite dishes, for now he was rich and had plenty of money.

III

The boy who cleaned his boots thought they certainly were a very shabby pair to be worn by such a rich gentleman; for the soldier had not yet bought any new ones. The next day, however, he bought some good clothes and proper boots.

Soon our soldier became known as a fine

gentleman. People visited him and told him all the wonders that were to be seen in the town. They spoke often of the King's beautiful daughter, the Princess.

"Where can I see her?" asked the soldier.

"She is not to be seen at all," they said. "She lives in a large copper castle, with walls and towers all round about it. No one but the King himself can pass in or out. There has been a prophecy that she will marry a common soldier, and the King cannot bear to think of such a marriage."

"I should very much like to see her," thought the soldier; but he did not know how to do so.

However, the time passed very pleasantly. He went to concerts, drove in the King's garden, and gave a great deal of money to the poor, which was very good of him. He remembered how unpleasant it was to be without money. Now he was rich; he had fine clothes and many friends, who all said he was a good fellow and a real gentleman. This pleased him very much.

But his money would not last forever; and as

he spent and gave away a great deal every day, and received none, he found himself at last with only two shillings left. So he had to leave his fine rooms and live in a little garret under the roof, where he had to clean his own boots, and even mend them with a large needle. None of his friends came to see him, because there were too many stairs to climb.

One dark evening the soldier had not even a penny to buy a candle. Then he remembered that there was a piece of candle stuck in the

tinder-box which he had brought from the old tree into which the witch had helped him.

He found the tinder-box, and no sooner had he struck a few sparks from the flint and steel than the door flew open. There stood the dog with eyes as big as teacups, whom he had seen while down in the tree, and he said:

"What orders, master?"

"Hello!" said the soldier. "Well, this is a pleasant tinder-box if it brings me all I wish for. Bring me some money!" said he to the dog. He was gone in a moment, and presently came back carrying a large bag of pennies in his mouth.

The soldier very soon discovered the value of the tinder-box. If he struck the flint once, the dog who sat on the chest of copper money appeared; if twice, the dog came from the chest of silver; and if three times, the dog with eyes like towers, who watched over the gold.

The soldier now had plenty of money; he went back to his fine rooms and put on his fine clothes, so that his friends knew him again directly, and made as much of him as before.

IV

After a while the soldier began to think it was very strange that no one was allowed to look at the Princess.

"Everyone says she is very beautiful," he thought to himself; "but what is the use of that if she is to be shut up in a copper castle with so many towers round about it? Can I by any means get to see her?"

He tried his best, but the King caught him and put him in prison.

Oh, how dark and disagreeable it was as he sat there! And the people said to him:

"To-morrow you will be hanged."

This was not very pleasant news, and besides, he had left the tinder-box at the inn.

In the morning he could look through the iron grating of the little window at the people who were hurrying out of the town to see him hanged. He heard the drums beating and saw the soldiers marching.

Everyone ran out to look at them, and a shoe

maker's boy, with a leather apron and slippers on, ran by so fast that one of his slippers flew off and struck against the wall where the soldier sat looking through the iron grating.

"Hello, you shoemaker's boy, you need not be in such a hurry," cried the soldier to him. "There will be nothing to see till I come; but if you will run to the house where I have been living, and bring me my tinder-box, you shall have four shillings, but you must put your best foot foremost."

The shoemaker's boy liked the idea of getting the four shillings; so he ran very fast and fetched the tinder-box and gave it to the soldier.

And now we shall see what happened. Outside the town a large gibbet had been put up, and around it stood the soldiers and several thousand people. The King and the Queen sat on splendid thrones opposite the judges and the whole council.

The soldier already stood on the ladder; but as they were about to place the rope around his neck, he said that a poor criminal, before he was

put to death, was often allowed to ask some simple thing. He wished very much to smoke his pipe, as it would be the last time he would ever smoke in the world.

The King could not refuse this, so the soldier took his tinder-box and struck fire — once, twice, thrice — and there in a moment stood all the dogs — the one with eyes as big as teacups, the one with eyes as large as mill-wheels, and the third, whose eyes were like towers.

"Help me now, that I may not be hanged!" cried the soldier.

The dogs immediately fell upon the judges. They seized one by the legs, and another by the nose, and tossed them many feet high in the air, so that they fell down and were dashed to pieces.

"I will not be touched," said the King. But the largest dog seized him, and also the Queen, and threw them after the others.

Then the soldiers and all the people were afraid, and cried:

"Good soldier, you shall be our King, and you shall marry the beautiful Princess!"

So they placed the soldier in the King's carriage, and the three dogs ran on in front and cried, "Hurrah!" The little boys whistled through their fingers, and the soldiers presented arms.

The Princess came out of the copper castle and became Queen, which was very pleasing to her. The wedding festivities lasted a whole week, and the dogs sat at the table and stared with all their eyes.

— HANS ANDERSEN.

A NONSENSE ALPHABET

A was an ant
Who seldom stood still,
And who made a nice house
In the side of a hill.

a

Nice little ant!

B was a bat
Who slept all the day,
And fluttered about
When the sun went away.

b

Brown little bat!

C was a camel:
You rode on his hump;
And if you fell off,
You came down such a bump!

c

What a high camel!

D was a duck
With spots on his back,
Who lived in the water,
And always said, "Quack!"

d

Dear little duck!

E was an elephant,
Stately and wise;
He had tusks and a trunk,
And two queer little eyes.

e

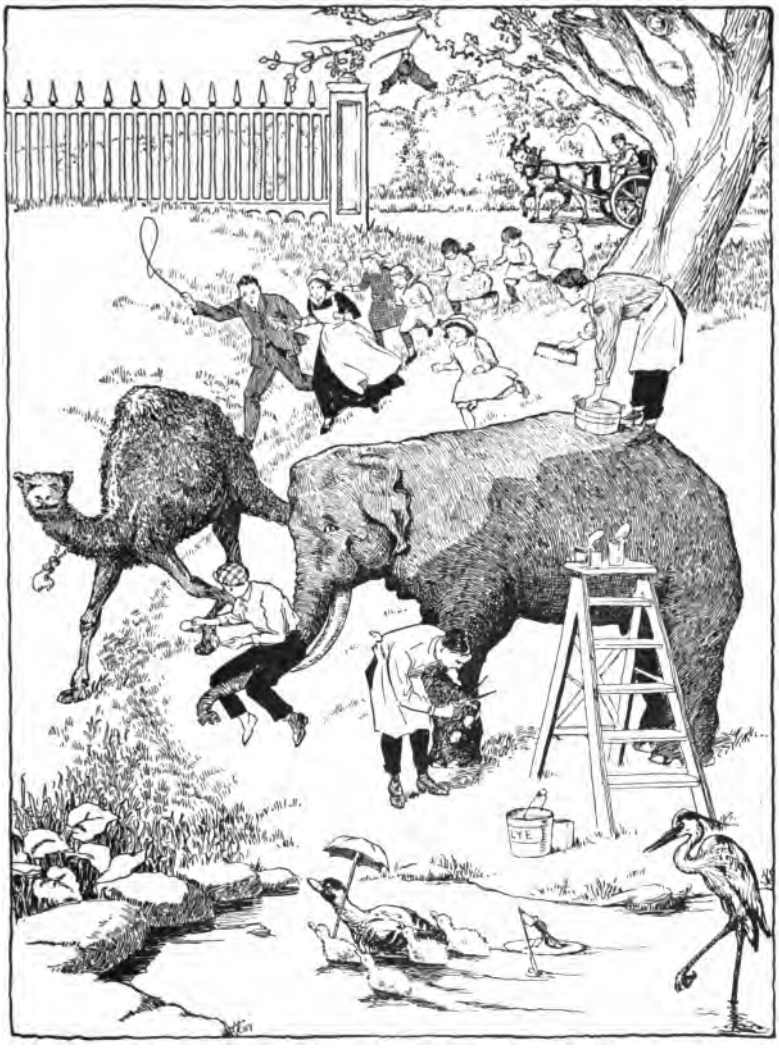
Oh, what funny small eyes!

F was a fish
Who was caught in a net;
But he got out again,
And is quite alive yet.

f

Lively young fish!

G was a goat
Who was spotted with brown;


LYE

When he did not lie still
He walked up and down.

g

Good little goat!

H was a heron
Who stood in a stream;
The length of his neck
And his legs was extreme.

h

Long-legged heron!

I was an inkstand
Which stood on a table,
With a nice pen to write with
When we are able.

i

Neat little inkstand!

J was a jackdaw
Who hopped up and down
In the principal street
Of a neighboring town.

j

All through the town!

K was a kingfisher:
Quickly he flew—
So bright and so pretty!—
Green, purple, and blue.

k

Kingfisher blue!

L was a lily,
So white and so sweet!
To see it and smell it
Was quite a nice treat.

l

Beautiful lily!

M was a mill
Which stood on a hill,

And turned round and round
With a loud hummy sound.

m

Useful old mill!

N was a net
Which was thrown in the sea
To catch fish for dinner
For you and for me.

n

Nice little net!

O was an oyster,
Who lived in his shell;
If you let him alone,
He felt perfectly well.

o

Open-mouthed oyster!

P was a pig
Who was not very big;
But his tail was too curly,

And that made him surly.

p

Cross little pig!

Q was a quill
Made into a pen;
But I do not know where,
And I cannot say when.

q

Nice little quill!

R was a rabbit,
Who had a bad habit
Of eating the flowers
In gardens and bowers.

r

Naughty, fat rabbit!

S was a screw
To screw down a box;
And then it was fastened
Without any locks.

S

Valuable screw!

T was a thimble,
Of silver so bright!
When placed on the finger,
It fitted so tight!

t

Nice little thimble!

U was an upper-coat,
Woolly and warm,
To wear over all
In the snow or the storm.

u

What a nice upper-coat!

V was a veil
With a border upon it,
And a ribbon to tie it
All 'round a pink bonnet.

v

Pretty green veil!

W was a whale
With a very long tail,
Whose movements were frantic
Across the Atlantic.

w

Monstrous old whale!

X was King Xerxes,
Who wore on his head

A mighty large turban,
Green, yellow, and red.

X

Look at King Xerxes!

Y was a yak,
From the land of Thibet.
Except his white tail,
He was all black as jet.

y

Look at the yak!

Z was a zebra,
All striped white and black;
And if he were tame
You might ride on his back.

z

Pretty striped zebra!

— Edward Lear.

BEES

I

"WHAT is my little girl looking at so closely in the bed of thyme?" asked Mary's mother one afternoon.

"I am looking at a bee, mother. It flies from one flower to another, humming all the time. It has no yellow balls on its back legs like those bees I saw on the roses yesterday; but this bee is putting its queer little trunk down into the flowers and sucking up the sweet juice. See, mother; it looks just like the trunk of that big elephant we saw in the menagerie."

"Yes," said her mother; "and yet it is hardly like a trunk. See how very slender and pointed it is. Let us call it her tongue."

"Yes, mother; and see how queerly her little body throbs. Oh! There she goes quite away."

"She is flying home to her hive with all the sweetness she has collected. There she will make it thicker and change it into honey," said her mother.

"I wish I knew all about those busy little bees and what they do in their hives," said Mary.

"It is a very wonderful story," said her mother. "I have often wished to keep bees. We will go to Goodman Dove's and see whether he has a swarm yet from his hive."

"What is a swarm?" asked Mary.

"A large number of old bees, with a queen, that leave their hive and fly away to start a new home," answered her mother. "Perhaps a third or a fourth of the bees are left in the old hive to take care of the baby bees and baby queen that have not yet hatched from their little cocoons. If Goodman Dove will sell us a swarm we will place it in the garden; and while we watch the bees at work I will tell you the story about them."

Mary was delighted at this, and her mother took her to Goodman Dove's. He said that he expected a swarm to fly from his hive in a few days, and that he would send for them in time to see it.

The very next day he came over and told

Mary and her mother they would have to come over to his garden quickly if they wanted to see the bees swarm. Even while he spoke they could hear a great humming across the road. They hurried over, and there in the garden they saw a wonderful sight. The bees were flying this way and that, and making a great fuss. There were thousands and thousands of bees pouring out of a little crack in front of the hive. This little crack Mary's mother called the front door or entrance to the hive.

At first Mary was very much afraid, and wanted to run home; but her mother told her that if she stood still and watched them she would be quite safe. Her mother said that generally, when bees swarm, they each take a load of honey with them to their new home, and that when the little honey-sacs inside their bodies are filled with honey the bees are always good-natured and not at all likely to sting anyone.

"Why do they swarm like this, mother?" asked Mary.

"Because there are too many bees to live to-

gether in that hive," said her mother. "Part of them will stay here; but most of them will fly away and start a new home."

What next surprised Mary, after the bees had

been flying round and round for some time, was to see them all settle in a large black ball on the branch of a cherry tree. The large cluster of bees looked like a great football hanging there.

Mistress Dove came out with a white sheet which she spread on the ground under the cluster. Then Goodman Dove brought out a box or small house that he called a beehive, and put it on the sheet. Their son Oliver tried to bring a ladder; but it was so heavy that Goodman Dove had to help him. After leaning the ladder against the tree Goodman Dove climbed up. Holding the limb near the bees with his left hand, he took his knife and very carefully cut the limb and carried it gently down the ladder.

Mary thought that the bees would be very cross to have him carry them about in this way; but the black ball stayed right on the limb. Then Goodman Dove held the ball of bees over the sheet just in front of the new hive, and shook them down on to the sheet. The bees immediately began running into the crack or entrance of the hive. After a time nearly all

the bees were inside. Then Goodman Dove picked up the hive and carried it across the road to Mary's garden and put it on a small platform under the apple tree.

II

The next morning Mary went early to see what her bees were doing. She saw several come out and fly away, and others go in, as if they were very busy about something.

After breakfast her mother went out to the hive too. She sat down on a seat with Mary in her lap. She told Mary the story of the bees, and all that they would do in their new house.

"These bees," said she, "are not all alike. There is one among them, larger than all the rest, called the queen-bee. She will seldom go out. The others will take care of her, and work for her; and if she should die they would have to get another queen or else the colony would keep getting smaller and smaller, and finally there would be no bees left. The queen is the mother of all the bees in the hive, for she lays all of the eggs.

"Then there are other bees, big clumsy ones, next in size to the queen. These are called drones. They are very lazy bees and have no stings. Nor do they have long enough tongues to get the nectar from the flowers. So they have to eat, from the honey cells, what the other bees have gathered."

"The queen and the drones," said Mary, thoughtfully. "What other bees are there, mother?"

"The rest, such as those you see coming out and going in now are all workers," said her mother. "The first two weeks of their lives they stay inside the hive doing housework, acting as nurse-bees and building comb. Just now, you know, their hive is new and has no honeycomb. They will need to build combs made up of tiny cells. Most of these cells are to serve as little storerooms for honey in the winter. Some are to hold eggs and young bees, and others are to hold the pollen — that is, the little balls of food which you saw on the bees' legs the other day.

"Bees that are more than two weeks old are

out now gathering sweetness, called nectar, from the flowers. They dip their slender tongues deep into the sweet tubes and corners of the flowers, sip the nectar out, and carry it home in little honey sacs inside their bodies. Some of this nectar is changed by the bees into wax for building cells, and some is changed into honey, which is stored in the cells. When the cells are full of honey the bees cover over the cells with wax."

"Do they take a little sip to refresh themselves every now and then, mother?" asked Mary.

"Oh, yes, you may be sure of that. In a little while the queen will begin to lay eggs. She will put one tiny white egg in each cell as fast as she goes. Three days later these eggs will hatch, and you will then see what looks like a small white worm in each of the cells. These little white worms are called larvae. (Just one of them is called a larva.) The nurse-bees will feed these little larvae a white milky-like food which they make out of pollen and honey.

"After a little while the white larvae will stop eating, and each will spin about itself a silken

cocoon. Then they will be quite still. Before long each one bites its way out, and there it is —a bright young bee, full grown on its very birthday."

"Then can the young bees fly right away?" asked Mary.

"No," replied her mother. "You will remember they stay in the hive and work at first."

"But I mean," said Mary, "when will they swarm again?"

"Oh!" replied her mother. "As the workers build more and more cells, and store up more and more honey, the hive becomes too crowded. Then they will begin raising themselves a new queen, not in a little cell like those they raise other bees in, but in a big cell almost as large as a peanut; and before this baby queen hatches, the old swarm, together with the old queen, will fly away to a new home just as we saw them yesterday."

"I think it is more wonderful than the chickens coming out of the eggs," said Mary.

THE BEES AND THE DRONES

A Fable

SOME drones once got into a beehive and tried to drive away the bees and take possession of the honey and honeycomb which they found there. The bees, however, were not at all willing to be driven away. They at once called in Judge Wasp to decide who owned the hive and the honey.

Judge Wasp pretended that he did not know whether the hive belonged to the bees or not. He only said:

"The drones shall make some honeycomb and fill it with honey, and the bees shall do so too. Then I will decide which looks more like the honey in this hive."

The bees at once set to work, but the drones refused to try. So Judge Wasp declared that the drones must go away and leave the hive to the bees, because they had proved that they were the rightful owners.

ROLLO'S HONEY-POT

I

ROLLO was a little boy who lived on a farm with his father and mother and an older boy named Jonas.

One day Rollo was in the garden with Henry, a playmate of his, who lived not very far from Rollo's house.

Now it happened that as Rollo and Henry were walking about near some hollyhocks, Rollo happened to see a bee in one of the flowers, loading himself up with wax or honey.

"Oh, there's a bee!" said Rollo; "let's catch him."

"Catch him!" said Henry. "If you do, you'll catch a sting too, I think."

"No," said Rollo, "I can catch him without getting stung."

"How?" asked Henry.

"I will show you," said Rollo.

Rollo approached the hollyhocks, and very carefully gathered together the edges of the

flower, so as to inclose and imprison the bee. He then gently broke off the stem of the flower,

and held it up to Henry's ear to let him hear the bee buzz within.

"Now," said Rollo, "I wish I had a little beehive. I would put him in, and perhaps he would make some honey in there."

"Do you think he would?" said Henry.

"Yes," replied Rollo, "I have no doubt he would; bees always make honey in bee-hives."

"Haven't you got a box that will do?" said Henry.

"I don't know," said Rollo. "Let us go along toward the barn and see if we can't find one.

I suppose it doesn't matter what the shape of it is, so long as it is a box, with a small hole for the bees to go in and out."

"But you have only one bee," said Henry.

"Oh, I can catch plenty more. I could catch a whole hive of them in time."

"But I don't believe they will stay and work in your hive," said Henry. "They will all fly off and go home where they belong."

"No," said Rollo, "I will plug up the hole and keep them shut in until they get used to it. When they get used to the new hive, they will stay there. That's the way they do with doves."

"But you haven't any queen bee," said Henry. "Bees won't work without a queen bee. I read it in a book."

"Well, perhaps I can catch a queen bee some day," replied Rollo, rather doubtfully.

Just at this point, he suddenly stopped and pointed to a flowerpot which stood bottom upward upon a seat near where they were walking.

"There!" he said, "that will do for a beehive."

"No!" said Henry, "that is not a box."

"No matter," said Rollo; "it is just as good, and there is a little hole for the bees to go out and in."

"So there is," said Henry; "but do you think that bees will make honey in an earthen pot?"

"Oh, yes," said Rollo, "just as well as in anything. The bees don't care what they make the honey in. Sometimes they make it in old logs."

"Well," said Henry, "we'll call it a honey-pot. And where shall we put it?"

"We can keep it on this seat; it is as good a place as any. The bees will be right in the garden as soon as they come out of their hive."

Rollo now asked Henry to hold his bee a minute, while he got the honey-pot ready. Henry took the flower very carefully, so as not to let the bee escape, and then Rollo lifted up the flowerpot, and looked inside. It was pretty clean; but as Rollo knew that bees were very neat in their habits, he thought he would take it to the pump and wash it out a little.

In a few minutes he brought it back and replaced it, bottom upward, upon the seat, and

then prepared to put the bee in. He took the flower again from Henry's hand, and very carefully pushed the edges of it, which had been gathered together with his fingers, into the hole. He then began to knock and push the bottom of the flower, to make the bee go in. The bee, not knowing what to make of this treatment, kept up a great buzzing, but soon went in.

"There," said Rollo. "Now, Henry, you be ready to clap your thumb over the hole as soon as I take the flower away, or else he'll come out."

"Oh, no," said Henry; "he'll fly up and sting me."

"No, he won't," said Rollo. "I only want you to keep him in a minute, while I go and get a plug."

Henry, then, with much hesitation and fear, put his thumb over the hole, as Rollo withdrew the flower. He stood there while Rollo went for a plug; but he seemed to feel very uneasy, and continually called to Rollo to be quick.

Rollo could not find a plug, but he picked up a small, flat stone and put it over the hole.

"There!" said Rollo, in a tone of great satisfaction; "now he is safe. We'll let him stay, while we go and catch another bee."

So they went back to the hollyhocks, and there, quite fortunately, they found another bee just going into one of the flowers. Rollo secured him in the same way, and carried him along, and pushed him into the flowerpot. Henry stood ready to clap the stone on as soon as the bee was in. Then they went back to the hollyhocks again.

They had to wait a little while, watching for bees; but at length one came, and by and by another. And so in the course of an hour or two they got seven bees all safe in the honey-pot, and Rollo said he thought seven were about enough to go to work—at least, to begin. They had not yet found one, however, that seemed to Rollo to be a queen bee.

At last it was time for Henry to go home, and Rollo decided to leave his beehive until the next morning. He thought he would leave the hole stopped up, so that the bees might get

used to their new home; but he intended to open it the next day, in order to let them begin their work.

II

The next morning, Henry came over soon after breakfast to see how the bees were getting along. He and Rollo went out into the garden, and found everything as they had left it the night before. Rollo felt quite sure of the success of his experiment.

The only thing that gave him any uneasiness was the want of a queen bee. He and Henry were just talking about sending in a bumble-bee for a king instead, when they heard Jonas calling Rollo. They looked up and saw him standing at the garden gate.

"Rollo," said Jonas, "do you want to go out with me to the pasture and catch the horse?"

"Why,—yes," said Rollo. But he did not go. He seemed to feel in doubt. "Must you go this minute?" he asked.

"Yes," said Jonas. "Come on; and Henry may go, too."

"Well, wait a minute, just till I go and open the door in my beehive."

"Your beehive!" said Jonas. "What do you mean by that?"

But Rollo did not hear what Jonas said, for he had run off along the path, Henry after him, toward the place where they had set their hive.

"What does he mean by his beehive?" said Jonas to himself. "I must go and see."

So Jonas opened the garden gate and went in. When he came near the seat where Henry and Rollo had put their beehive, he found the boys standing a step or two back from the flowerpot, both eagerly watching the hole.

"What are you looking at, boys?" said Jonas in great surprise.

"Oh, we are watching to see the bees come out."

"The bees come out!" said Jonas.

"Yes," said Rollo; "that is our beehive,—honey-pot, we call it."

Here Jonas burst into a loud and long fit of laughter. Henry and Rollo looked up at him, very much surprised.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Rollo.

Jonas could hardly stop long enough to speak; but presently he asked Rollo if he supposed that bees would make honey there.

"Certainly I do," said Rollo, with a positive air. "Why should they not? They don't care what shape their hive is, or what it is made of, and this flowerpot is as good as anything else. There! There, Henry!" he exclaimed, interrupting himself and pointing down to the flowerpot, "one is coming out."

Henry and Jonas both looked, and they saw a poor, forlorn-looking bee cautiously put his head out of the hole, and then slowly crawl out. He came on until he was entirely out of the hole, and then, extending his wings, he rose and flew away through the air.

When he saw this, Jonas again burst into a fit of laughter.

"You needn't laugh, Jonas," said Rollo; "he'll come back again; I know he will. That's the way they always do."

"And do you suppose that the bees will fill up the flowerpot with honey?" asked Jonas.

"Yes," said Rollo; "and then I shall take it away without killing any of the bees. I read in a book how to do it."

"How will you do it?" asked Jonas.

"Why, when this honey-pot is full of honey, I shall get another and put on the top of it, bottom upward. Then the bees will work up into that, and come out at the upper hole. When they get fairly at work in the upper hive, I shall get Henry to hold it while I slip

the lower one out, and put the upper one down in its place."

As Rollo was speaking, in order to show Jonas just what he meant to do, he took hold of the flowerpot with both his hands, and slid it off the seat.

Now it happened that the poor bees which were inside, chilled with the dampness and cold, were nearly all crawling about upon the seat. When Rollo suddenly moved the flowerpot along, forgetting for a moment that the bees were inside, the rough edges of the flowerpot bruised them, and they dropped down upon the walk, some dead, some buzzing a little, and one trying to crawl.

"There now, Rollo," said Henry, in a tone of great disappointment and sorrow; "now you have killed all our bees!"

Rollo looked astonished enough. He had had no idea of hurting the bees; and he and Henry both at the same instant took up the honey-pot to see if there were any more inside.

Their eyes fell, at the same moment, upon one

solitary bee that was standing near the edge of the flowerpot. His attention had been caught by the sudden glare of light, and so, just as Rollo and Henry first saw him, and before they had time to put the flowerpot down again, he spread his wings and flew out toward them.

Down dropped the flowerpot. The boys at once started to run.

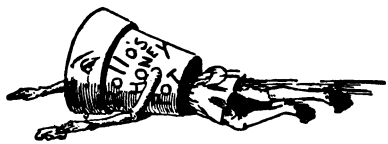
"Run!" exclaimed Jonas, following them with shouts of laughter. "Run, boys, for dear life!" and away they all went toward the garden gate.

The bee, however, was not following them. His only object was to get away; he flew in another direction. But Rollo, Henry, and Jonas did not stop to look behind them. They kept on running, until Jonas was well on his way toward the pasture, and Rollo and Henry were safe in the shed.

The honey-pot lay on the ground, forgotten. But the next day Rollo's mother found it and took it into the house. She needed a clean flowerpot for a new plant, and was very glad to find this one.

So the honey-pot became a flowerpot once more. And when Rollo saw it in his mother's sitting-room, he did not even know that it was the one which he and Henry had tried to use, out in the garden, as a hive for their seven bees.

—JACOB ABBOTT.



THE TREASURE IN THE ORCHARD

THERE was once a farmer, named John Jacobs, who was very poor and discontented. He had often heard and read of treasures being discovered in all sorts of odd places, and he thought so much about it that at last nothing would do but he too must find a treasure.

So, instead of attending to his work and looking after the crops in his fields and the trees in his orchard, he went poking about from morning till night among all the old ruins in the neighborhood, hoping that by good fortune he might turn up a chest of gold coins.

This went on for a very long time and, of course, no gold was discovered. One day, when Farmer Jacobs came down to breakfast, he said to his wife:

"It is all right, my dear. I have found the treasure at last!"

"Have you, indeed?" said his wife, in great surprise.

"Yes," he replied. "At any rate, it is as good as found. Last night it was shown to me in a dream that the treasure was hidden under one of the trees in our orchard. Wait until I have finished my breakfast and I will go and bring it in."

The old woman waited very impatiently until the farmer had finished his meal. Then, taking with them a pick and a spade, they both went into the orchard.

"Now, John, which tree is it under?" asked the farmer's wife.

But the farmer only stared about him helplessly, and began to scratch his head.

"I — don't — know," he stammered at last.

"You don't know! Why, man, did you not take the trouble to notice?"

"Certainly I did," he replied. "I saw plain enough which tree it was in my dream. But out here there are so many of them, and they are all so much alike, that I am uncertain."

For a time they both stood staring at the trees in gloomy silence.

"Well," said the farmer, at last, "there is only one thing to do. I must dig under every tree until I find the right one."

The wife lost heart at this, for there were nearly a hundred trees in the orchard.

"Be careful not to cut the roots," she said with a sigh.

"Pooh!" said John, "what does it matter if I do? The trees are of no value — the whole lot of them do not bear a bushel of fruit. They used to bear a sack apiece in my father's time!"

"Well, John," said the old woman, "you know your father used to give them a great deal of attention."

"Oh, it isn't that," cried John quickly. "The trees are getting old, like ourselves, and are only fit for fire-wood."

With that he flung off his coat, and taking up the spade began to dig at the roots of the tree that stood nearest. He dug a pit three feet deep all around the tree, and then, finding nothing but mold, he set to work at the roots of another.

All that day he toiled, working harder than he had ever worked in his life before. By the time night came, there were deep holes and heaps of mold under more than a dozen trees, but, so far, no treasure had come to light.

Weary and aching in every limb, the farmer went to bed. But at dawn of day he was in the orchard again, digging with might and main.

The people in the village soon became curious to know what the farmer was doing. Some stopped to watch him as they passed by, and asked the meaning of his odd behavior. But to all their questions John remained dumb, and went on digging with great energy.

Finally, they began to jeer at him, and some of them even flung stones. Then John went into his house and returned with a loaded gun; so his tormentors took the hint and left him in peace.

Day after day the farmer toiled at his digging, until, at the end of several weeks, he had dug a hole at the root of every tree in the orchard. But not a trace of the treasure did he find. He

was so disappointed and miserable that he did not even fill in the holes again.

After that the villagers jeered at him whenever they met him, and called the orchard "Jacobs' Folly." At last the poor farmer felt that he could stand this treatment no longer.

"Wife," said he, one day, "you and I will have to find a new place to live, for the jeers of the neighbors are more than I can bear."

Then the old woman began to cry.

"Oh, John, do not speak of going away. We have lived here so long — ever since we were married. I am sure I could not eat my food or sleep peacefully in any house but this!"

"Well, well," said John, soothing her. "If you feel like that, we must stay. Perhaps the trouble will blow over."

"I am sure it will, like everything else," said she. "But, dear John, I wish you would fill in those holes under the trees; the folk come from far and wide on Sundays to see them."

"Wife," said he, "I haven't the heart to do that. You see, while I was digging for the treasure, I was always thinking I was going to find it the next minute, and that kept my heart up; but to take a shovel now and fill in those holes is more than I can do."

So for more than six months the heaps of mold lay undisturbed through the sunshine and rain of spring and summer. Toward the end of September, when the weather became cooler, the old man at last plucked up his courage and filled in the holes again. Then the village people spoke no more of "Jacobs' Folly," for it was out of sight.

When April came, the fruit trees burst into bloom.

"Wife," said the farmer one day, "our bloom is richer this year than I have ever seen it; it is richer than that of our neighbors."

In the course of time the blossoms faded and fell, leaving the trees laden with thousands of little, hard, green knobs. By autumn, the branches were bowed almost to the ground with the heavy weight of the fruit they carried. There were hundreds of apples on every tree. The farmer and his wife sold them for a large sum of money.

The orchard was just as fruitful the next year, and the next, and the next. The trees were old and had needed a change. By digging around their roots and thus letting in the air, and by turning the soil up to the sunshine and rain, the farmer had made the trees fruitful again.

In this way John Jacobs learned the best way to get treasure from the earth. For the soil is never ungrateful; it always rewards us for the care we give it.

—CHARLES READE (*Adapted*).

APPLESEED JOHN

POOR Johnny was bended well nigh double
With years of toil, and care, and trouble;
But his large old heart still felt the need
Of doing for others some kindly deed.

"But what can I do?" old Johnny said;
"I, who work so hard for daily bread?
It takes heaps of money to do much good;
I am far too poor to do as I would."

The old man sat thinking deeply a while,
Then over his features gleamed a smile,
And he clapped his hands with boyish glee,
And said to himself, "There's a work for me!"

He worked, and he worked with might and main,
But no one knew the plan in his brain.
He took ripe apples in pay for chores,
And carefully cut from them all the cores.

He filled a bag full, then wandered away,
And no man saw him for many a day.

With knapsack over his shoulder slung,
He marched along, and whistled or sung.

He seemed to roam with no object in view,
Like one who had nothing on earth to do;
But, journeying thus o'er the prairies wide,
He paused now and then, and his bag untied.

With pointed cane deep holes he would bore,
And in every hole he placed a core;
Then covered them well, and left them there
In keeping of sunshine, rain, and air.

Sometimes for days he waded through grass,
And saw not a living creature pass,
But often, when sinking to sleep in the dark,
He heard the owls hoot and the prairie-dogs bark.

Sometimes an Indian of sturdy limb
Came striding along and walked with him;
And he who had food shared with the other,
As if he had met a hungry brother.

When the Indian saw how the bag was filled,
And looked at the holes that the white man drilled,
He thought to himself 'twas a silly plan
To be planting seed for some future man.

Sometimes a log cabin came in view,
Where Johnny was sure to find jobs to do,
By which he gained stores of bread and meat,
And welcome rest for his weary feet.

He had full many a story to tell,
And goodly hymns that he sung right well;
He tossed up the babes, and joined the boys
In many a game full of fun and noise.

And he seemed so hearty in work or play,
Men, women, and boys all urged him to stay;
But he always said, "I have something to do,
And I must go on to carry it through."

The boys, who were sure to follow him round,
Soon found what it was he put in the ground;
And so, as time passed and he traveled on,
Every one called him "Old Appleseed John."

Whenever he'd used the whole of his store,
He went into cities and worked for more;
Then he marched back to the wilds again,
And planted seed on hillside and plain.

In cities, some said the old man was crazy;
While others said he was only lazy;
But he took no notice of gibes and jeers,
He knew he was working for future years.

He knew that trees would soon abound
Where once a tree could not have been found;
And the little seeds his hands had spread
Would become ripe apples when he was dead.

So he kept on traveling far and wide,
Till his old limbs failed him, and he died.
He said at the last, "'Tis a comfort to feel
I've done good in the world, though not a great deal."

Weary travelers, journeying west,
In the shade of his trees find pleasant rest;
And they often start, with glad surprise,
At the rosy fruit that round them lies.

And if they inquire whence came such trees,
Where not a bough once swayed in the breeze,
The answer still comes, as they travel on:
"These trees were planted by Appleseed John."

— Lydia Maria Child.

JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS

I. *Joseph, the Dreamer*

LONG, long ago there lived in the land of Canaan a man named Jacob, who had twelve sons. One of them, the next to the youngest, was called Joseph.

Now Jacob loved Joseph the best of all his children; and he gave him a beautiful coat of many bright colors. This made the older brothers very jealous; they began to hate Joseph and could not get along in peace with him.

One night Joseph had a dream and he told it to his brothers.

"Listen to the dream which I have dreamed," he said. "We were all binding sheaves in the field, and my sheaf rose and stood up. Then your sheaves stood around and bowed down to my sheaf."

Now in those days people believed that a dream always meant something, and the brothers thought this dream meant that they would have to bow down to Joseph. So they asked, angrily:

"Do you indeed expect to rule over us?"

And they hated him even more because of his dream.

Not long after this, Joseph had another dream which he told to his brothers.

"Last night," he said, "I dreamed another dream. I thought I was looking up at the sky, and the sun, the moon, and the eleven stars bowed down to me."

Joseph told his father also about the dream; and Jacob said:

"What is this dream that you have dreamed? Are we — I and your mother and your brothers — to bow down at your feet?"

His father remembered the dream and thought about it often. But his brothers only hated him still more.

II. *Joseph in the Pit*

Not long after Joseph had told them his dreams, his older brothers went to a distant pasture land with their father's sheep. Joseph and his youngest brother, Benjamin, were kept at

home. One day, when the brothers had been away a long time, Jacob called Joseph to him and said:

"Go, Joseph, and see how your brothers fare, and whether all is well with the flocks."

Joseph set out at once. But when he reached the pasture lands, he could find nothing of either his brothers or the sheep. At first he did not know what to do. He wandered about until he met a man who asked him what he was seeking.

"I am looking for my brothers," replied Joseph. "Can you tell me where they are feeding their flocks?"

And the man answered, "They have gone far up on the hills to find better pasture land."

So Joseph went to the hills after his brothers. And when they saw him coming, they said to each other:

"Look! Here comes the dreamer! Let us kill him and throw him into a pit. We will tell our father that a wild beast devoured him. Then we shall see what will become of his dreams."

But Reuben, the oldest brother, said to the others:

"No, let us not kill him. Let us throw him into this pit alive."

For he hoped to come back alone, after his brothers had gone away, and save Joseph's life for his father.

So when Joseph joined them, they took off his beautiful coat of many colors and threw him into the pit. Reuben went away sadly, and the others sat down to eat.

While they were eating together, a long caravan came over the hills on the way to Egypt. Then one of the brothers, named Judah, said to the others:

"What good will it do if we let Joseph die in the pit? After all, he is our brother. Let us sell him to these merchants instead."

So they drew Joseph out of the pit and sold him to the merchants for twenty pieces of silver. Soon after this, they all went back to the flocks.

Before long, Reuben returned alone. He went straight to the pit and looked down. But, of

course, he did not find Joseph. He ran to his brothers, crying:

"Joseph is gone! Joseph is gone!"

When they told him what they had done, he was very sorrowful. Then they took a kid from

the flocks and killed it, and soaked Joseph's coat in its blood. This coat they carried back to their father, and said to him:

"See what we found in the fields. Is it not Joseph's coat?"

And Jacob said:

"It is indeed my son's coat. A wild beast has devoured him! Joseph is torn in pieces!"

And he mourned greatly for his favorite son.

III. *Joseph in Prison*

Joseph, however, was safe with the merchants of the caravan. He was carried to Egypt and sold as a slave to one of the captains in the guard of Pharaoh, the king. And because he was good and faithful, this captain trusted him and put him in charge of everything that he had.

But the captain's wife disliked Joseph, and told her husband things about him that were not true. Joseph's master believed the stories, and he was so angry that he threw Joseph into prison. But even here Joseph behaved so well

that the keeper of the prison gave him charge of all the other prisoners.

Now it happened that two of Pharaoh's officers — the chief butler and the chief baker — were in the prison. One night each of these men had a strange dream. In the morning, when Joseph met them, they were very sad. So he asked:

"Why do you look so sad to-day?"

"We have each had a dream," they replied, "and there is no one to tell us what they mean."

"Perhaps I could tell," said Joseph. "What were your dreams?"

Then the chief butler said:

"In my dream, I saw a vine with three branches. Each branch bore ripe grapes. And I took Pharaoh's cup in my hand and pressed out the grapes into it. Then I gave the cup to Pharaoh."

And Joseph said to him:

"This is what your dream means: The three branches are three days. In three days Pharaoh will release you, and you will be his butler and put the cup into his hand again. Remember me

when you are free, and ask Pharaoh to take me out of this prison; for I have done no wrong."

Then the chief baker took courage and said to Joseph:

"I had a dream also. I was carrying three baskets on my head. In them were baked meats for Pharaoh. And the birds came and ate from the baskets. Tell me what my dream means."

And Joseph answered:

"This is what your dream means: The three baskets are three days. In three days Pharaoh will cut off your head and hang you on a tree, and the birds will eat your flesh."

On the third day after this, as it was Pharaoh's birthday, he made a great feast for all his court. He brought the chief butler from the prison and gave him his old place again; but the chief baker he hanged, as Joseph had said.

The chief butler, however, forgot Joseph in the prison, and said nothing to Pharaoh about him.

IV. *Joseph Comes before Pharaoh*

About two years after this, Pharaoh had a strange dream. In the morning he called the wisest men in his kingdom to tell him what the dream meant, but none of them could do so.

Then the chief butler remembered Joseph in the prison, and said to Pharaoh:

"While I was in prison, there was a young man who could tell the meaning of dreams. Why not send for him?"

Messengers were sent at once to bring Joseph to the palace. And Pharaoh said to him:

"I have had a dream. No one can tell me what it means. I have been told that you understand dreams, and so I have called you to hear mine."

"It is not I," answered Joseph; "it is God who will give Pharaoh an answer through me."

Then Pharaoh said to Joseph:

"In my dream I was standing on the bank of the River Nile. Out of the river came seven fat

cattle, and they began feeding in a meadow. Then seven lean cattle came out of the river and ate up the fat cattle. But after they had eaten them, they were still as lean as before.

"Then I had another dream. I thought that seven ears of corn, full and good, came up on one stalk. And seven thin ears grew up after them. These thin ears devoured the seven good ears. But after they had eaten, they were still as thin as before."

Joseph said:

"Both of your dreams mean the same thing. The seven fat cattle and the seven full ears are seven years. And the seven lean cattle and the seven thin ears are seven years more. God has shown you what he is about to do. Behold, seven years of plenty are coming. After that will come seven years of famine. Nobody will remember the seven years of plenty because the famine will be so severe. And what the king has dreamed twice, God will do quickly.

"Now let Pharaoh build great storehouses and save up corn during the seven years of plenty. Then the people will not die of hunger when the seven years of famine come."

Pharaoh was pleased with Joseph. He freed him from the prison and gave him great power.

"You shall be the man to gather this corn for me," he said.

Then he dressed Joseph in fine linen, and put a gold chain around his neck, and made him ride in the chariot next his own. He even took off his ring and gave it to Joseph, saying:

"This makes you second only to me in the kingdom. Everything that you command shall be done."

And after that, whenever Joseph rode in his chariot, men ran before him crying out:

"Bend the knee! Bend the knee! Bend the knee!"

V. *Joseph Sees his Brothers Again*

Joseph was now a mighty ruler and could do what seemed to him wise. So he began to build great storehouses in every city. When they were built, he bought corn from the Egyptians and stored it away. Year after year, for seven years, he did this, for there was plenty of food to spare. He filled his storehouses with fair, good corn.

Then, just as Pharaoh's dream had showed, came seven years of famine. Nothing grew any more. Only in Egypt was there food. For Joseph now opened his storehouses and sold corn to every one who came to buy.

At last Jacob, living far away in Canaan,

learned that there was corn in Egypt, and he said to his sons:

"I have heard that there is corn in Egypt. Go down there and buy for us, that we may not die of hunger."

And ten of Joseph's brothers went down to buy corn in Egypt. But Jacob would not send Benjamin, the youngest, for fear some misfortune might happen to him. They came to Joseph and bowed low before him.

Now the brothers had no idea who this great governor was. But Joseph knew them and remembered his old dreams about the sheaves and the stars which bowed before him. He spoke roughly to the brothers and asked if they were spies.

"No, my lord," they answered. "We are true men and have come only to buy food. We are twelve brothers from the land of Canaan. One of us is not living, and Benjamin, the youngest, is at home with our father."

"If this be true," said Joseph, "bring your youngest brother with you when you come again."

Then he sent them home with plenty of corn. And he ordered that the money which they had paid should be put back into their sacks.

VI. *Joseph Tests his Brothers*

Still the famine lasted. At last, all the corn which the brothers had bought had been eaten. They must go to Egypt for more. This time they took Benjamin with them, though Jacob was most unwilling to let him go.

They took honey, spices, nuts, and other presents for the great governor. They also took double money to pay for the corn, because the money that they paid before had been put back into their sacks.

So they came down to Egypt and into the presence of Joseph. And when Joseph saw them, and Benjamin with them, he said to his steward:

"Make a feast, for these men shall dine with me."

Now the brothers were afraid because they had been brought into Joseph's house. They cast themselves down at his feet and presented

their gifts. But Joseph treated them kindly, and said:

"Is your old father well? Is he still alive?"

"Our father is well," they answered.

And they bowed low before him.

Then Joseph looked at Benjamin and asked:

"Is this your youngest brother?"

And he said to Benjamin:

"God bless you, my son."

Then he set food before them, and they ate and were merry. Now Joseph wished to find out how his brothers felt toward Benjamin. So he commanded his steward:

"Fill the men's sacks with food, as much as they can carry, and put every man's money into his sack. Put also my silver cup into the sack of the youngest."

And the steward did as Joseph had said.

The next morning, as soon as it was light, the men were sent on their way. But Joseph wanted to bring them back again. So, before they had been gone long, he said to his steward:

"Follow these men and bring back the one who has my cup in his sack."

Then the steward followed and overtook them. He searched the sacks, beginning with the oldest and ending with the youngest. And the cup was found in Benjamin's sack. Then he took Benjamin back to the city, and his brothers went with him.

They came before Joseph and fell at his feet. And Joseph said:

"The man in whose bag the cup was found shall stay and be my servant."

Then Judah, one of the brothers, said to Joseph:

"My lord, let me speak a word, and be not angry. Our father is an old man, and this boy is his youngest son. Another brother was torn in pieces by animals many years ago. And if we go home alone without Benjamin, our father will die. So let me stay and be your servant, and let Benjamin go home with his brothers."

This pleased Joseph. He could keep back his feelings no longer.

"Clear the hall!" he cried.

And when the hall was empty, he wept and said:

"I am Joseph. Come near to me."

And they came near.

Then he said:

"I am Joseph, your brother, whom you sold into Egypt. But be not sorry because you sold me. It was God who sent me here. He has made me a ruler over the land of Egypt, so that I may save the lives of many people."

Then he put his arms around Benjamin and wept. He kissed all his brothers, and they talked a long while together.

VII. *Jacob Comes to Egypt*

Then Joseph said to his brothers:

"Make haste now. Go up to my father and tell him that I am alive. Ask him to come down with his children and his children's children, and his flocks and his herds, and everything that he has. He shall live here, and I will take care of him. For there are still five

years more of famine. Tell him that I am ruler over Egypt and bid him come quickly."

Then Joseph gave them wagons, and food for their journey. He gave each of them new clothing, and to Benjamin he gave five hundred pieces of silver also. And he bade his brothers good-by.

They went up out of Egypt into the land of Canaan, and said to their father:

"Joseph is alive. He is ruler over all the land of Egypt."

At first Jacob did not believe them. But when they told him all the words of Joseph, and showed him the wagons and the food, he exclaimed:

"It is enough! Joseph, my son, is yet alive. I will go and see him before I die."

So he set out on his journey with his sons and their families, and all their flocks and household goods.

Joseph drove out in his chariot to meet them. And when Jacob saw his favorite son again, he said:

"Now let me die. For I have seen your face and you are still alive."

Then Joseph brought his father before Pharaoh. And Pharaoh gave to Jacob and his sons a fair land for their flocks; and they made their home in Egypt. Joseph gave them food until the famine was past, and took care of them as long as he lived.

So Jacob and his children and his children's children lived in their new home. Their flocks increased, and they grew rich and prosperous, and were happy in the land of Egypt.

THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG

In 1776, soon after the War of the Revolution had begun, it was decided that our country must have a new flag. The English flag which had been used before was no longer suitable for Americans.

There were at that time thirteen colonies; so it was thought best to have a flag with thirteen red and white stripes, and in the corner thirteen white stars on a blue field. This plan for the flag was accepted by the Government. The next

thing to do was to get some one to make a sample.

There lived in Philadelphia a woman named Betsy Ross, who made a business of sewing flags. There were at that time no sewing machines, so she made them by hand. Her husband, John Ross, had died fighting for his country; and she had to earn her living in this way.

General Washington and some of the men who had designed the new flag went to call on Mrs. Ross one day, and asked her if she would like to make a sample to be presented to Congress. These men had a drawing which showed her what they wanted. When Mrs. Ross saw that the stars in the corner had six points, she said:

"But a real star has only five!"

They answered that a six-pointed star was much easier to make. Mrs. Ross quickly took a piece of paper, folded it, and with one cut of her scissors produced a perfect five-pointed star.

Washington and the other men had never seen anything like that before, and they at once de-

cided to have stars with five points instead of six.

"Can you have the flag done by to-morrow?" they asked Mrs. Ross.

"I think so," she answered.

The next morning she sent them the beautiful new flag, every stitch of which she had made by hand. It was presented to Congress and Betsy Ross learned with joy that her pattern had been accepted as the new flag of the United States.

THE STORY OF THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

DURING the war of 1812, between England and America, the British fleet attacked Fort McHenry near Baltimore. Two young American men had been sent out to this fleet with a message. They carried a white flag of truce and were safe from harm. But the British commander told them that they could not go back to Baltimore until the attack on the fort was over.

All day and all night they stayed on a little English vessel. As long as it was light, they could see their country's flag flying over the fort. But when darkness came they could not see it, though as long as the firing of cannon kept up, they knew the flag was still there. Suddenly the firing stopped.

"Can the fort have surrendered?" they asked each other anxiously.

They paced the deck of the vessel all night. At last dawn came. They could see a flag on

Fort McHenry, but could not tell whether it was their own or that of England. Then the sun rose, and they soon saw it was their own dear Stars and Stripes. The fort had not surrendered, and their city was safe.

One of the young men, Francis Scott Key, then took an old letter from his pocket and wrote a poem on the back of it, which he called "The Star-Spangled Banner."

When he got back to Baltimore, he gave it to his uncle, who had it printed and sent out to the people of the city. The words of the poem were set to music, and "The Star-Spangled Banner" is now the national anthem of the United States.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,

As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd home and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the bra e.

—Francis Scott Key.

JOAN OF ARC

A Story of France

In France there is a quaint and pretty village called Domrémy. It is a very small village near a river. It has only one street, with red-roofed houses on both sides.

One of these houses is very famous because in it, more than five hundred years ago, was born sweet Joan of Arc, who saved her country from great danger.

At the time when Joan was born, France and England were at war, and the English were winning. The French were discouraged, and did not know what was coming to pass. Charles, their king, was a poor leader. He was a timid man who loved peace rather than war. His soldiers had no money and were losing heart every day.

Joan heard her father and other people in Domrémy talking of all this, and it made her sad. She thought a great deal about her country and her king while she was working in the field or taking care of her father's sheep.

She was a good girl and went often to church to pray for France. Her home was next door to the church. Behind the house were a lovely orchard and a garden. Joan used to spend a good deal of time here alone, praying and listening to the church bells so near at hand.

One summer day, when she was about thirteen years old, she was in the garden just at noon. Suddenly she heard a voice which came from the direction of the church, and at the same time there was a great light in the air above her. The voice said:

"I come from God to help you to live a holy life. Be good, Joan, and God will aid you."

Again she heard the voice, and then a third time. At first she was afraid, but soon she knew that an angel was speaking to her.

Many more times she heard the voice. Day after day it spoke to her, until she felt no fear and was willing and even eager to do what it told her. One day the voice said:

"Daughter of God, you must leave your village and ride forth to save France."

Joan had heard the people of Domrémy say that France would some day be saved by a maid; but she was afraid and said to the angel:

"I am a poor girl, and know not how to ride a horse or how to make war."

Then the angel appeared before her and said:

"Daughter of God, you shall lead the king to Rheims that he may be crowned and anointed."

Joan hesitated no longer. Clad in a coarse red gown, she went on foot to a nearby castle and told her story to its governor. He was willing to send word to the king by a messenger, and before long the answer came back that Charles would see the maid.

Joan was happy now. Dressed like a boy and with her dark hair cut short, she and a little company of attendants set out on horseback to meet the king, nearly five hundred miles away.

The journey was long and dangerous, for the country was full of robbers. At last, however, Joan reached the town where Charles was waiting for her.

She was taken to his castle and led into a

great hall crowded with courtiers. But she knew the king at once and bowed before him, saying:

"I am Joan the Maid, sent to lead you to Rheims to be crowned there."

The king questioned her for some time. He believed her story and sent her to his wise men. For six weeks she was examined by them, until they were satisfied that she was really good and honest, and had been sent to save their country from the enemy.

The English soldiers were at that time fighting near a city called Orléans, and Joan wished to save this city. Dressed in white armor and riding a white horse, she set out at the head of the king's army.

Charles had given her a holy sword from one of the churches. In her hand she carried a beautiful white banner, embroidered in silver and blue and gold.

Joan led the soldiers toward Orléans. As they came near the city, Joan sent a messenger to the English commander, asking him to go away in peace. This he would not do; so the next day

she led her army out against the English, calling to the soldiers:

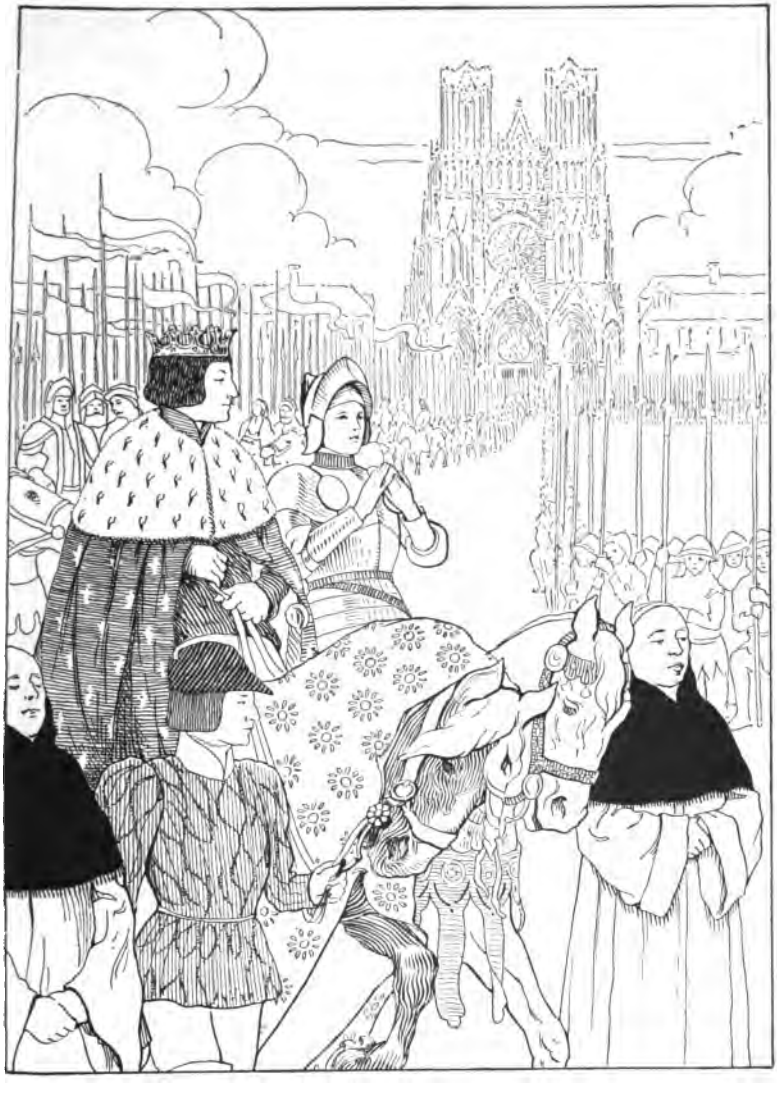
"Let who loves me follow me!"

They won a victory, and in nine days had driven the English entirely away and saved the city of Orléans for France.

Then Joan returned to King Charles. On the way crowds of people came around her, touching her hands or her dress. Some even knelt down and kissed the hoof-prints of her horse, because they loved her so.

Joan now wished to lead the king and his army to Rheims, where all the kings of France had to be crowned. At first Charles was unwilling to go. But at last he went, and in the great cathedral at nine o'clock on a Sunday morning in midsummer, he was crowned with much splendor. Twelve great lords held the crown over his head, trumpeters blew their trumpets, and all the people shouted and cheered. Joan stood by his side, dressed in her armor and holding her beautiful white banner.

After the ceremony, Charles rode through the



streets of Rheims on horseback, wearing his crown on his head. Over his shoulders was spread the royal mantle, blue as the sky and covered with lilies of gold.

They stayed in Rheims for five or six days. Then Joan, feeling that her work was done, wanted to go back to Domrémy and live quietly with her parents, her three brothers, and her sister.

But Charles and his army were unwilling to let her go. They wished her to fight more battles for them and win more victories.

This she did. But the king did not help her at all, and so before many months she was captured by the English. They said she was a witch, and put her in prison. Here she stayed for a long time. And when she was only nineteen years old they burned her at the stake, though the French people said:

"She is no witch. She is a saint."

So died Joan of Arc, the Maid of France, who did what she could to help her country and her king.

THE LITTLE HERO OF HAARLEM

A Story of Holland

HOLLAND is a very low country, so low that there is danger all the time that the ocean will overflow it. To keep the ocean out, the Hollanders have built around their towns and villages thick walls which they call *dikes*.

These dikes are very high and strong. Steps lead up to them from the streets. They are so broad that children walk along the tops with their fathers and mothers on pleasant afternoons.

The land is flat, you see, so that only from the dikes can they get a view of the ocean and the distant country. That is one reason why the top of a dike is a favorite walk with the older people as well as with the children.

The dikes must be kept solid and strong, for if the ocean should make even a tiny hole, it would soon come in with a rush and cover farms and houses with water. So all Hollanders, even the children, are taught to keep watch and see that the water does not break through.

Once, many years ago in the city of Haarlem, which is very near the ocean, there lived a little boy named Peter. He had a brother and a sister still smaller, and, as he was the oldest, his mother often sent him on errands.

One pleasant afternoon Peter and his brother and sister were playing in their pretty garden. Suddenly their mother called:

"Peter, come quickly! Here are some cakes I have just baked. Run along the dike with them to grandfather's house. You have plenty of time to get back before sunset."

Peter took the hot cakes and started for his grandfather's house. The old man was blind. He always liked to have his grandchildren pay him a visit, and Peter was his favorite. It seemed to him as though sunshine had come when the little boy was in the house.

But to-day Peter could not stay long, for evening was near. Just as soon as his errand was done he turned toward home, so that he might get back before dark.

He walked home along the top of the dike,

picking flowers and looking down now and then at the black water below. It made him shiver to see big waves dashing against the earthen wall.

Suddenly he stopped. His face turned white. He had heard a trickling sound just ahead. He knew what it meant. The dike was leaking!

Yes, sure enough, a little stream of water was bubbling out through the sand. Giant Ocean had succeeded in getting through.

What was to be done?

Peter looked ahead and behind, but saw no one. There was not even a house in sight. He shouted, "Help! the dike is leaking!" But nobody heard. Still the water bubbled and bubbled. The stream was growing larger, and Peter knew that, if he ran for help, it would come too late to do any good.

At last he knelt down on the cold sand and pushed his arm into the hole. It just fitted into the small round place, and, as he twisted his arm in tighter and tighter, the water came more and more slowly, then stopped altogether.

Peter waited for some one to pass by. He listened for footsteps, but he heard nothing. All the men had gone home from their work, and no one else would pass until morning. The little boy was alone.

Meanwhile, his mother was standing in the doorway waiting. She looked over toward the

dike, but saw no one coming. When it grew dark, she went in to get supper, shaking her head gravely. She thought, of course, that Peter had stayed all night with his grandfather, as he often did. But she was a little anxious, too. She had told her son to come back before sunset, and Peter always obeyed her.

At last they all went to bed, thinking that Peter was safe in his grandfather's house. His mother was still worried, however, and she got up early the next morning, as soon as it was light. She worked in the kitchen, building a fire and getting breakfast. Every few minutes she stepped to the door and looked out toward the dike to see if Peter was coming home.

All at once she saw something dark in the distance. It made her heart jump, for it was a group of men, and they were carrying something very carefully. Could it be Peter, her little boy? Had anything happened to him out there in the dark alone?

She called her husband, and together they ran toward the men. Yes, it was Peter they were

carrying! How frightened the father and mother felt!

Suddenly the men saw them and gave a glad shout:

"Give thanks, for your son has saved the city!"

And that was just what Peter had done. He had lain all night with his arm in the hole, keeping out the water. At sunrise, when men began to walk down the dike on their way to work, they found him; and, while some of them hastened to mend the leak, others carried him home safe and well, though very cold and very tired after his long night alone.

How they cheered the boy, just as though he were a soldier coming home from war! How happy his father and mother were too, that their son had been a hero!

And to this day Dutch boys and girls are told the story of Peter, the little hero of Haarlem, who all night long stopped the leak in the dike, and thus saved the city by his brave deed.

JAMES WATT AND THE TEAKETTLE

A Story of Scotland

A LITTLE Scotch boy sat in his grandmother's kitchen. He was watching the red flames in the wide, open fireplace, and quietly wondering about the causes of things. Indeed, he was always wondering and always wanting to know.

"Grandmother," he asked, "what makes the fire burn?"

This was not the first time he had puzzled his grandmother with questions that she could not answer. So she went on getting the supper and paid no heed to him.

Above the fire an old-fashioned teakettle was hanging. The water in it was beginning to bubble. A thin cloud of steam was rising from the spout. Soon the lid began to rattle and shake. The hot vapor puffed out at a furious rate. Yet when the lad peeped under the lid he could see nothing.

"Grandmother, what is in the teakettle?" he asked.

"Water, my child," she answered, "nothing but water."

"But I know there is something else. There is something in there that lifts the lid and makes it rattle."

The grandmother laughed.

"Oh, that is only steam," she said. "You can see it coming out of the spout and puffing up under the lid."

"But you said there was nothing but water in the kettle. How did the steam get under the lid?"

"Why, my dear, it comes out of the hot water. The hot water makes it." The grandmother was beginning to feel puzzled.

The lad lifted the lid and peeped inside again. He could see nothing but the bubbling water. The steam could not be seen until after it was fairly out of the kettle.

"How queer!" he said. "The steam must be very strong to lift the heavy iron lid. Grandmother, how much water did you put into that kettle?"

"About a quart, Jamie."

"Well, if the steam from so little water is so strong, why would not the steam from a great deal of water be a great deal stronger? Why couldn't it lift a much greater weight? Why couldn't it be made to turn wheels?"

The grandmother made no reply, . . . and James sat still in his place, studying the teakettle. . . .

How to understand the power that is in steam, and how to make it do other things than rattle the lids of teakettles — that was the problem which James Watt, the Scotch boy, set himself to solve. Day after day he thought about it. Evening after evening he sat by his grandmother's fireside and watched the thin, white vapor come out of the teakettle and lose itself in the black throat of the chimney. The idea grew with him as he grew into manhood.

"There is a wonderful power in steam," he said to himself. "There was never a giant who had so much strength. If we only knew how to harness that power, there is no end to the things it might do for us. It would not only lift weights, but it would turn all kinds of machinery. It would draw our wagons, it would push our ships, it would plow and sow, it would spin and weave. For thousands of years men have been working by the side of

this power, never dreaming that it might be made their servant. But how can this be done? That is the question."

He tried one experiment after another. He failed again and again, but from each failure he learned something new. Men laughed at him.

"How silly," they said, "to think that steam can be made to run machinery!"

But James Watt kept on, and at last he was able to give to the world the first steam engine. Thus, from the study of a common teakettle, the most useful of all modern inventions was finally produced.

WILLIAM TELL

A Story of Switzerland

I

FAR away in the heart of Europe there is a little country called Switzerland.

Many years ago one of the great princes of Europe tried to conquer this little country and to take away the freedom of its people. He sent a message to the people, saying:

"You are only a small country. You cannot protect yourself against a large army. Promise that your country shall belong to me, and I will take care of you."

The people of Switzerland said they would not give their land and their freedom to anyone.

"You may send a governor to make laws for us," was their reply. "We need a ruler who will punish the people who do wrong. But we will not choose you for our king. We will keep our freedom."

The Emperor was very angry.

"A governor they shall have," he said. "I will send to rule them the most cruel man that I can find."

He chose a man named Gessler, and told him to be harsh and unkind to the Swiss people.

There were hard times for the Swiss when Gessler began his rule as governor. He overtaxed the people. Nothing could be bought or sold unless the Governor took part of the money. People who did only a little wrong were punished with large fines and put in prison for a long time. The Swiss people became very unhappy.

One day a party of soldiers came marching down the main street of Altorf. One of them carried a long pole. Another carried a cap with a peacock feather on it. Behind them came a crowd of women and children.

The soldiers marched into the square.

"Where shall we put it?" said one.

"Here at the cross roads," said another.

Then the soldiers dug a hole and planted the pole in it. They put the cap on top of the

pole. As soon as the pole and hat were in place, one of the soldiers blew a trumpet.

"You see this cap?" said he. "It is the Governor's cap. He orders you all to bend your knees and bow your heads as you pass by. If you do not obey him, you will be put to death."

Then the soldiers marched away.

Here was a new insult to the people of Switzerland. They had never refused to obey the Governor. But to bare the head and bend the knee to a cap! They could not do that. Yet they might be put to death if they went by without bowing. What could they do? Who was there to help them?

II

In a small village not far from Altorf lived William Tell. He had two little boys, William and Walter. William Tell was a fine archer. With his strong bow he could send an arrow straight to the heart of a mountain deer. He was the best shot of any man in Altorf.

One morning Tell took little Walter and

walked into Altorf. Walter was so happy that he chattered all the way.

"How far can you shoot, Father?"

"Oh, a long way."

"As high as the sun?"

"Oh, no, not so high as that."

He went on talking so much that Tell forgot all about the hat upon the pole. He had meant to go another way, so as not to pass by it.

"Father, look!" said Walter. "There is a hat stuck up on a pole. What is it there for?"

"Don't look, Walter, that hat has nothing to do with us." And, taking Walter by the hand, he led him away.

But it was too late. The soldier who stood watching to see if everybody bowed told him to stop.

"Take off your hat and bow," said the soldier.

"Why should I bow to a cap?" replied Tell, and he tried to get away.

Hearing loud and angry voices, many people came to see what the trouble was. The soldier tried to take Tell prisoner, and the people tried

to help him get away. Then came the noise of horses' feet and the clang of swords.

"Room for the Governor!" cried a soldier, as Gessler rode up, followed by many more soldiers.

"What is the trouble?" said he. The soldier told him, and Gessler became very angry.

"I hear that you are a great shot, Tell," said the Governor. "I have heard that you say you can shoot an apple from a tree. I should like to see some of your shooting. You shall shoot an apple off your boy's head. The boy shall stand a hundred yards away. That will be easier than shooting an apple from a tree."

"Oh, Governor," said Tell, turning pale, "you do not mean that. It is horrible. I will do anything rather than that."

"I want to see your wonderful skill. I command, and you are to do it at once. You have your bow. Do it."

Tell, with white face and trembling voice, said:

"Oh, Governor, forgive me. Will you make me kill my boy?"

"Take that boy to the tree!" said Gessler.

Walter was not afraid, but stood against the tree, straight and quiet. When the apple was brought, Gessler rode up to him and put the apple on the little boy's head.

Tell took his place. He drew an arrow from his quiver and looked at it carefully. Instead of

putting it to his bow, he stuck it in his belt. Then he chose another arrow and fitted it to his bow.

Tell took one step forward. Every one was very still. His arm trembled. His bow dropped from his hand. The fear that he might kill his son took away his skill and courage. Then from far away under the tree came Walter's voice.

"Shoot, Father! I am not afraid. You cannot miss."

Once more Tell raised his bow. *Ping!* went the bowstring. The arrow seemed to sing through the frosty air. A second later the silence was broken by cheer after cheer. The apple lay on the ground, broken in pieces by the arrow.

Little Walter came running, and pressed his curly head against his father.

"I knew you could do it!" he said.

William Tell held his boy close in his arms. His eyes were full of tears. He was saying to himself:

"I might have killed him! I might have killed him!"

Gessler sat watching them with a cruel smile upon his wicked face.

"Tell," he said, "that was a fine shot. But what was the other arrow for?"

Tell was silent.

"Speak, man," said the Governor. "If you speak the truth I promise you your life."

"Then, since you promise me my life, I will tell the truth. If my first arrow had struck my child, the second one was meant for you. You may be sure I should not have missed my mark the second time."

— H. MARSHALL.

PRISCILLA OF PLYMOUTH

A Story of the Pilgrims

MORE than three hundred years ago there were many English people in Holland. These people loved England and wished to live there. But their king, James, would not allow them to go to their own church. He said that his was the only true church, and that no one could worship in a different way. So a good many English people left their country and moved to Holland, where they could be free.

Here they had their own church and were allowed to worship as they pleased. They called themselves Pilgrims. And they were so happy that they sent for some of their friends in other places.

One man to whom they wrote was Mr. William Molines. He and his family lived in France, but they were not contented and wished to get away. And when they heard about the freedom in Holland, they decided at once to go there.

So Mr. Molines, his wife, and his two chil-

dren, Joseph and Priscilla, went to Holland. There they lived for some time. Joseph and Priscilla went to school with other Pilgrim children, and on Sundays they could all go to church wherever they pleased.

But in some ways Holland was not a good place for the Pilgrims to live. They were poor and had to work in the mills. Then they did not like to be where no one spoke English, and in Holland, you know, everybody speaks Dutch. Besides, they wanted farms to live on, and the Dutch people had no farms that they could buy.

So at last many of these Pilgrims decided to go to America and make new homes for themselves. Several families went both from England and from Holland, and the Molines family was among them.

They had to sail many weeks on the ship called the *Mayflower*. It was a small sailboat with only one cabin. Yet one hundred people were crowded on board, with all their goods and provisions.

Priscilla Molines, Mary Chilton, and the other

girls found plenty to do on the ship. They played with the little children and told them stories. Sometimes they took care of the babies: for two little baby boys were born on that ship, and there were many things to be done for them, as well as for the other bigger babies.

But no day was so busy that the girls did not find time to stand on the deck of the ship and watch for land. Nine weeks they sailed without seeing anything but water ahead. At last, however, some one saw the shores of America in the distance, and in another day the *Mayflower* was anchored in sight of land.

Now the children thought that they could go on shore. But first Captain Miles Standish and the other men must find a place to live in. They got into a row boat and for many days went up and down the shore in search of a good spot for their new home. At last they found an open place where a stream of clear water flowed into the ocean, and here they decided to settle. They called it Plymouth.

Before the families could leave the *Mayflower*,

the men must work hard making a big common-house for them all to sleep in. This was finished in a few days, and then the poor, tired mothers and children could leave the crowded ship and live on shore.

How cold it was the day they landed! And afterward great storms came, so that the men could not work in the woods cutting down trees for more houses.

Priscilla found a great deal to do in the common-house. Every day cooking had to be done, and she was one of the best of cooks, better even than many of the women. Sometimes she washed clothes for herself and Joseph. She could sew and weave cloth and do all kinds of work. And she was so merry and cheerful that she was like sunshine in the house.

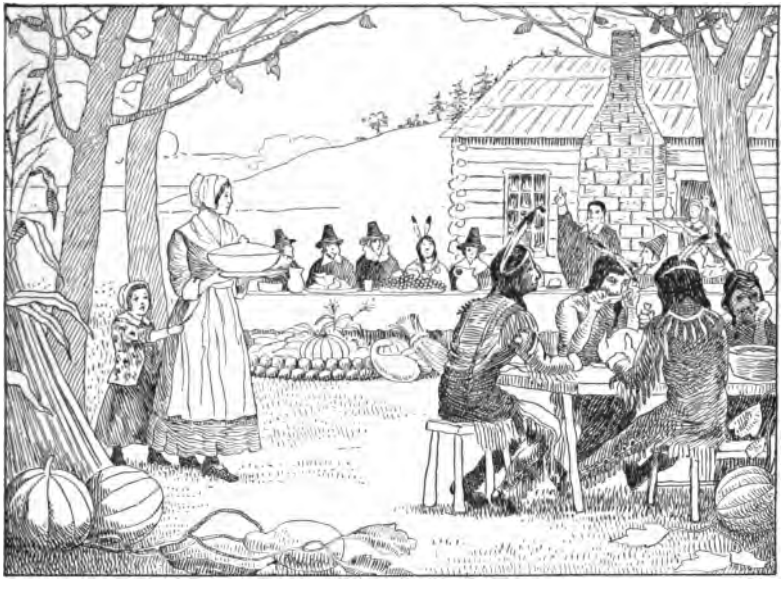
It was not long before great trouble came to the Pilgrims. Many of them became sick. Many died. At one time all except seven or eight were sick, and people were dying every day. One hundred people had come over in the *Mayflower*, and half of them died before spring came.

Several of the children lost their fathers and mothers. One of these was Mary Chilton, and another was Priscilla. Soon little Joseph died, too, and then Priscilla was all alone. So she and Mary Chilton went to live with another family.

That first winter was a very sad one for all the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and everybody was glad when the warm spring days came. Then all the sick people got well again, and the men could finish their houses, plant their gardens, and go hunting.

The Pilgrims worked hard all summer, and when autumn came they had a great feast of Thanksgiving. The Indians were invited and they had a harvest week together.

Priscilla was one of the busiest of the Thanksgiving cooks. She roasted wild turkeys and cooked clams which the boys dug on the shore. She made puddings and pies and cooked vegetables from the garden. When the food was ready, she served it to the grown people and to the Indians. She was so busy that she almost forgot how lonely she was without her father and mother and brother Joseph.



Priscilla grew into a beautiful young woman. A young man named John Alden fell in love with her and they were married.

Now she was no longer lonely. She could have her own home again. John Alden built a log cabin and for a time they lived there. Later they moved a few miles away to a place called Eagle Tree Pond, in Duxbury. They had eleven little boys and girls of their own, and lived honored and useful lives for many years.

GOLDENROD

SPRING is the morning of the year,
And summer is the noontide bright;
The autumn is the evening clear
That comes before the winter's night.

And in the evening, everywhere
Along the roadside, up and down,
I see the golden torches flare
Like lighted street-lamps in the town.

I think the butterfly and bee,
From distant meadows coming back,
Are quite contented when they see
These lamps along the homeward track.

But those who stay too late get lost;
For when the darkness falls about,
Down every lighted street the Frost
Will go and put the torches out!

— FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

HAIL TO THE HARVEST

ALL hail to merry autumn days
That color all the leaves,
And make them all so beautiful
That no one o'er them grieves;
All hail the merry harvest time,
The gayest of the year —
The time of rich and bounteous crops,
Rejoicing and good cheer.

— CHARLES DICKENS.

THE FIRST SNOWFALL

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

SNOWFLAKES

Out of the bosom of the air;
Out of the cloud folds of her garments shaken;
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent and soft and slow
Descends the snow.

— Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE BLUEBIRD

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary, —
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple tree swinging and swaying.

"Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;

Hark, while I sing you a message of cheer!
Summer is coming, and springtime is here!

"Little white snowdrop, I pray you arise;
Bright yellow crocus, come, open your eyes;
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantle of purple and gold!
Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear?—
Summer is coming and springtime is here!"

—EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

WILD GEESE

HARK, what a clamor goes winging through the sky!
Look, children! Listen to the sound so wild and high!
Like a peal of broken bells,—kling, klang, kling,—
Far and high the wild geese cry, "Spring! It is Spring!"

—CELIA THAXTER.

MARCH

THE cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one.

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plowboy is whooping — anon — anon!
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

PIPPA'S SONG

THE year's at the spring
And day's at the morn:
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world.

—ROBERT BROWNING.

A BOY'S SONG

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea—
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee—
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee —
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free —
That's the way for Billy and me.

— JAMES HOGG.

SUMMER SUN

GREAT is the sun, and wide he goes
Through empty heaven without repose;
And in the blue and glowing days
More thick than heaven he showers his rays.

Above the hills, along the blue,
Round the bright air with footing true,
To please the child, to paint the rose,
The gardener of the World he goes.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

ARIEL'S SONG

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

ONLY ONE

HUNDREDS of stars in the pretty sky;
Hundreds of shells on the shore together;
Hundreds of birds that go singing by;
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn;
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn;
But only one mother the wide world over.

— GEORGE COOPER.

TO-DAY

So here hath been dawning
  Another blue day:
Think wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away.

Out of Eternity
  This new day is born;
Into Eternity
  At night will return.

Behold it aforetime
  No eye ever did;
So soon it forever
  From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
  Another blue day:
Think wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away.

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD

THEY say that God lives very high!
  But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God. And why?

And if you dig down in the mines,
  You never see Him in the gold,
Though from Him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold
  Of heaven and earth across his face —
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

But still I feel that his embrace
  Slides down by thrills, though all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place:

As if my tender mother laid
  On my shut lids, her kisses' pressure,
Half waking me at night, and said,
  "Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser?"

— ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND

GOD bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
  Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
  By Thy great might!

For her our prayers shall rise
To God, above the skies;
  On Him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
  "God save the State!"

WORD LIST

The following Word List contains the most difficult new words and phrases used in the Third Reader. They are conveniently arranged under each story heading in the order in which they occur. The list includes (1) long words of many syllables, (2) unphonetic words which are difficult to pronounce, (3) proper names, and (4) unfamiliar words and phrases, the meanings of which should be explained or discussed.

The number following the title of each story indicates the page on which it begins.

The Thoughtless Mouse 1
thoughtless
plenty
finally
replied
anybody

The Four Brother Oxen 2
animal
yonder
stealthily
direction
pounce
separated

The Ant and the Cricket 5
accustomed
complain
by starvation and famine
miserly
weather
nature
hastily
moral

The Lazy Ass 7
stumbled
fortune
on purpose

The Boy Who Cried Wolf 9
characters
stupid
several

The Fox and the Crow 12
dairy
ventured
inclined
with flattery adapted his plan
Reynard
her plumage admired
brilliant
divine

The Boy and the River 14
enough
disappointed

The Two Jackdaws Who Pretended 16
pretend
appearance
whitened
noticed
without delay
refused

The Cap that Mother Made 19

I

tassel
envy
astonished
handsome

II

curtsied
uniform
at this instant
courtiers
huge
on any condition

III

cottage
adventures
exchange

Fanny's Menagerie 28

menagerie
exclaimed
certainly
trickled
ceiling
directly
attention
awkward
amused
regular thieves
locust
pelt
prancing
neighing
mattress
nonsense

The False Knight 36

wee laddie
objected
shrewdly
helmet
shield
lance
the king's highway
ba, be, bi, bo, bu (*long vowel sound*)

Sing-song Verses from Christina Rossetti 42

turf
chilliest
innocent
snowdrop
sweetpea
heartsease
bower
grudge
furry
coral
feeble insects
diamond
clumsy
emerald
ruby
sapphire
catch the world's desire
opal
fiery spark

Winds, Birds, and Telegraph Wires 47

I

telegraph
church steeple
messengers
messages
scarcely
solemn
fierce
ruins
traitors to your trust

II

discouraged
curious
betray my secret
crocuses
disgusted

III

Lightning Spirits
electricity

How Hiawatha Brought Corn to His People 60
Great Spirit
receive a vision
guide
intend
success
Gitche Gumee
approaching the lodge
tuft
pityingly
struggle
Mondamin
wrestle
vanished
conquer
disappeared
buried
commanded
discovered
depend

Thanksgiving 66
the blowing fields
pearly
thyme
savory herb
nourishing root
ancient
gratitude
honeycomb

The Princess whom Nobody could Silence 68
silence
outwit
suitors
in swarms and flocks
announced
branded
Ashiepattle
wedge
everlastingly
shrug
struck speechless
wriggle
humor
soul
sole
dumfounded

The Ram and the Pig who went into the Woods to Live by themselves 76
fattened
advice
satisfied
struck up an acquaintance
comfortable
company
warm and cozy
joists
wealthy
neighbors
hearth
reception
treatment
tongs and pincers

A Tragic Story 87
tragic
sage
days of yore
mused
dangling
mystery

The Greedy Pincushion 88
pincushion
appetite
suspect
expression
complete
sequel
features
oozed out

What Became of Them? 91
pronounced
remarked
befell

Topsy-Turvy World 92
courted
porcupine
dire disaster
worried
gypsy

Uncle Joe's Story of Christmas among the Eskimos 93

I
walrus
described
tendons
charged
flannel
transparent
auk
occurred
natural
juice

II
despised
icicles
confounded
uproarious
imagine

Names of Characters
Nettuh
Annadore
Nevvu
Sipsu
Mane
Sennuh
Mellek
Panikpa
Luk
Koko
Oomah

The Night before Christmas 106
St. Nicholas
nestled
lustre of midday
miniature sleigh
coursers
Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donder, Blitzen
hurricane
obstacle
tarnished
soot
droll

Puss-in-Boots 109

I
brambles
despair
courage
parsley
warren
prey
Marquis of Carabas
title
partridges
accepted

II
officers
the supposed Marquis
enchanted
succeeded
mincemeat
estate

III
Ogre
impossible
drawbridge
splendid

The Ogre that Played Jackstraws 119
giant
savagely
Pennyroyal
cellar

What the Wood Fire Said to the Little Boy 126
blossomy dells
caresses
rumpled
tresses
billowy
memory
forester
mission

Briar Rose 129

Act I

lace canopy
christening
presence
threateningly
confusion
their former places
heralds
length and breadth

Act II

whirring
naught
hedge of thorny brush

Act III

silently
at your service
excited
reward
wicked spell

Anecdotes of Abraham Lincoln 140

distressed
explained
grammar
charred wood
examples
Indiana
Illinois
difficulty
frantic
opposite bank
grateful
lawyer
ford
restored
grocery store
customers
Government
postage
agent
debt
obliged
railway station

Washington's Birthday 149

recounted
natal day
record
tested and tried
amain
steadfast
in defiant challenge
tongue
tocsin

The Stone-breaker and his Six Wishes 151

divan
adorned with flashing gems
blare
parched earth
torrents
defy
scanty

The Tinder-box 157

I

tinder-box
knapsack
hollow
dreadful

II

contained
hideous
instead
declare
immediately

III

prophecy
shilling
discovered the value

IV

disagreeable
put your best foot foremost
gibbet
council
criminal
allowed
festivities

A Nonsense Alphabet 171
seldom
heron
extreme
principal
valuable
movements
Atlantic
monstrous
King Xerxes
turban
yak
Thibet
zebra

Bees 181

I

collected
entrance
generally
honey-sac
good-natured

II

nectar
refresh
larva
larvae
crowded

The Bees and the Drones 190
take possession
rightful owners

Rollo's Honey pot 191

I

hollyhocks
inclose
imprison
escape
prepared
hesitation
continually
satisfaction
fortunately
secured

II

experiment
uneasiness
cautiously
extending
bruised
solitary

The Treasure in the Orchard 204
treasure
discontented
impatiently
stammered
behavior
energy
tormentors
miserable
undisturbed
fruitful
ungrateful

Appleseed John 211
o'er the prairies
future
goodly hymns
gibes and jeers
weary

Joseph and his Brothers 216
Canaan
jealous
Benjamin
devoured
Reuben
caravan
Judah
Egypt
Pharaoh
release
River Nile
behold
chariot
mighty ruler
Egyptians
tests
double
steward
herds
prosperous

The First American Flag 235
War of the Revolution
suitable

colonies
sample
Philadelphia
Betsy Ross
business
designed
pattern

The Story of the Star-spangled Banner 238
British
Fort McHenry
Baltimore
flag of truce
surrendered
paced the deck
national anthem

Joan of Arc 242
quaint
Domrémy
famous
Rheims
anointed
hesitated
attendants
Orléans
embroidered
victory
ceremony
captured

The Little Hero of Haarlem 249
Holland
Hollanders
view
Haarlem
anxious

James Watt and the Teakettle 255
Scotland
Scotch
old-fashioned
vapor
problem
weights
machinery
failure
modern inventions

William Tell 260
Switzerland
Gessler
overtaxed
Aldorf
insult
archer
horrible
missed my mark

Priscilla of Plymouth 268
William Molines
Mary Chilton
Captain Miles Standish
busiest
Duxbury

Hail to the Harvest 275
all hail
bounteous crops
rejoicing

The First Snowfall 275
in the gloaming
ermine
ridged inch deep

Snowflakes 276
garments
forsaken
descends

March 278
defeated
retreated
plowboy
anon
prevailing

A Boy's Song 279
o'er the lea
hawthorn
trace

Ariel's Song 282
a cowslip's bell
there I couch

To-day 283
Eternity
aforetime

A Child's Thought of God 284
embrace
pressure

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